

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"One day, when the child was two years old, he told Moya the truth."

LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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I. INTRODUCES DESMOND AND DULCIE.



IN a certain soft summer evening two young people of different sexes were strolling slowly along the strip of yellow sands which led from the verge of the Atlantic to the steep line of rock dominated by Kilpatrick Castle. The girl, who was not more than seventeen years of age, carried her hat and parasol in her hand: the first a serviceable article, little superior in form and material to that generally worn by the superior peasants of the district; the other a dainty trifle in pale-blue silk, better in keeping with the tailor-made dress and dainty French shoes in which its owner was dressed. She had a delightfully fair and fresh complexion, a little freckled by a too free exposure to the sun, and her dark-blue eyes shone from under the rather disorderly wave of her light gold hair with an expression of harmless audacity and frank gayety eloquent of youth and health and innocence.

Her companion, who might have been three or four years her

senior, was a long-limbed, supple youngster of the finest Western-Irish type. His hair, long, black, and curly, escaped in natural ripples from under a battered soft felt hat, and framed an olive-hued face of great strength and delicacy, lit by a pair of black eyes sparkling with an honest, boyish impudence. The merest shade of callow down darkened about his lips. He was clad in rough and rather ill-cut tweeds, stained in brown patches with salt water, and the collar of a flannel shirt, innocent of stud or necktie, left to view a sun-tanned, muscular throat. His long legs kept swinging pace with the tripping lightness of the girl's walk, and he looked down at her from his superior height with a mingling of admiration and protection very pretty to witness, and of which she was perhaps a shade too obviously unconscious.

"We shall be late for dinner," said the girl, breaking the first silence which had fallen upon them since the beginning of their long day's ramble. "Uncle will be angry."

"Sorra a bit," replied the boy. "The old gentleman's temper's queer at times, but it has to be mighty bad before he's angry with you. And as to being angry with me, sure I'm used to it. It's not often he's anything else."

"My uncle is very fond of you," said the girl, "and very kind to you—kinder than you deserve, most people think."

"Your uncle?" repeated the boy. "Which of 'em?"

"Lord Kilpatrick, of course."

"Indeed he is, then. He's been as good as a father to me nearly all my life. I owe to him all I have and all I am."

"Tell me, Desmond," said the girl, after another short interval of silence, "why does Uncle Kilpatrick take so great an interest in you, and let you run about like—like a young colt? Isn't it time that you began to take life seriously, and to think of doing something?"

"Faith, I suppose it is," said Desmond. "I've been trying for the last six months to find what kind o' life I'm fit for. I'll take to something by and by. As to why Lord Kilpatrick's so good to me, you know just as much as I know myself, Dulcie. Mr. Peebles, that knows more of his ways than anybody else, says 'tis to aise his conscience."

"To ease his conscience?" the girl repeated.

"Just that," said Desmond. "An old debt he owed and never paid till my parents were dead. 'Twas my mother asked him to pay it by looking after me. He promised, and he's kept his word, more power to him."

"Do you remember your parents?"

"No. Both died before I could run about. They were gentle-folk, I suppose, or I'd not be called the squireen, and I've the true gentlemanly knowledge o' getting into scrapes. But let's

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The Rights of the Nation.



THE decision of the United States Supreme Court approving the action of the inferior courts, under which Eugene V. Debs and his associates in the Chicago railroad strikes were sentenced to imprisonment for disobeying

the order of the court enjoining them from interference with interstate commerce and the transportation of the mails, is one of great importance. It settles definitely and absolutely the question as to the right and power of the government to maintain the authority of Federal laws alike by armed force and judicial process. Its assertion of the sovereignty of the nation is complete and unqualified. It says:

"The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights intrusted by the Constitution to its care. The strong arm of the national government may be put forth to brush away all obstructions to the freedom of interstate commerce or the transportation of the mails. If the emergency arises, the army of the nation and all its militia are at the service of the nation to compel obedience to its laws."

The language of the court as to the action of the local courts in proceeding against the Chicago strikers by writs of injunction is equally positive and emphatic. It declares that "every government intrusted by the very terms of its being with powers and duties to be exercised and discharged for the general welfare has a right to apply to its own courts for any proper assistance in the exercise of the one and the discharge of the other." In this case, "the bill filed disclosed special facts calling for the exercise of the power of the courts." If ever there was a special exigency presented, one which demanded that the court should do all that courts can do, it is apparent on the face of this bill.

On another point the court speaks with an emphasis which cannot be mistaken. Referring to the plea made in behalf of the convicted strikers, that they displayed a heroic spirit in "throwing up their employment and giving up their means of earning a livelihood, not in defense of their own rights, but in sympathy for and to assist others whom they believed to be wronged," the court says:

"We yield to none in our admiration of any act of heroism or self-sacrifice, but we may be permitted to add that it is a lesson which cannot be learned too soon or too thoroughly, that under this government of and by the people the means of redress for all wrongs are through the courts and at the ballot-box, and that no wrong, real or fancied, carries with it legal warrant to invite as a means of redress the co-operation of a mob with its accompanying acts of violence."

The rebuke here administered to the lawless and anarchic spirit which has marked so many of the recent strikes is as timely as it is deserved. There is no country in the world where the conditions of labor are so favorable, or where its possibilities are greater than in our own. It is not always fairly treated—it sometimes suffers from the despotism and greed of monopolies and capitalistic autocracies; but none of the disabilities to which it is subjected can be removed by acts of violence or unwarranted invasions of individual and public rights. The workingmen will never attain, either in legislation or the public policy, that full recognition of their rights to which they aspire until they come to acknowledge and act upon this truth.

The effect of this decision cannot be otherwise than wholesome. It is not so much that it affirms the doctrine that the government of the United States has jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory and acts directly upon the citizen and not through the intermediate agency of the State. Its main significance lies in the fact that it determines for the first time in our history the actual scope and reach of the powers of Congress over the whole subject of interstate commerce and the transportation of the mails, and in that it affirms as to another point never clearly passed upon, that in the use of the powers conferred by Congress, the general government may invoke the full co-operation of the civil courts in restraining all invasions of its authority. It is amazing that anybody should ever have disputed the competency of the courts to enforce respect for their decisions, or to interpose for the prevention of conspiracies against the public peace, but this was the precise contention of the strikers and their friends. Governor Altgeld even protested against the use of Federal

troops in Illinois, and other demagogues like him violently denounced the so-called "blanket injunction" of Judge Woods as the gravest sort of outrage. The settlement of these points by the court of last resort clears the atmosphere, and must exert a deterrent influence not only upon the mischievous forces which have become so aggressive in our industrial life, but upon the Populistic propagandists who seek to break down all the muniments of orderly administration and remit society to revolution and chaos.

The American Flag Restored to the High Seas.



VERY public-spirited and patriotic citizen will rejoice that for the first time in twenty years a first-class American-built steamship is to engage in the transatlantic trade. All such citizens will also take satisfaction in the fact that in many respects this new vessel, the *St. Louis* of the International Navigation Company, popularly known as the American Line, is superior in finish and equipment to any steamship afloat. There are two other steamships larger than this one, and it is possible that she will not equal them in speed. It is certain, however, that this product of American skill and American enterprise cannot be surpassed in respect to safety or comfort.

The managers of the American Line publicly announced, when this vessel was launched, that speed was to be an after consideration in its construction. The plan was to produce an economical ship of the very highest grade as to safety and comfort, and to maintain an even and regular performance in the matter of speed, so that passengers might not only know they could leave one country at a stated hour, but also that they could expect to arrive at their destination at a certain hour with a reasonable certainty. Any advance in speed that may come from this vessel will be due to the normal improvements that have come with time in the progress of making the marine engine, and to the skill of American workmanship, as well as to the excellence of the hull design.

It is now conceded by foreign ship-builders that we have surpassed them all in quality in our vessels of the new navy. It argues well for the success of the *St. Louis*, and the *St. Paul* to come after her, that they have been built at the great Cramp plant in Philadelphia, where the most successful of our high-grade naval vessels have been constructed.

The restoration of the American flag to the high seas! Long has that object been the theme of statesmen and the hope of all good citizens. The advance guard of the new fleet has arrived, a majestic vessel, peerless and superb. Mr. Charles H. Cramp, in speaking of her has said: "After many years of practical expulsion from the ocean, the Yankees are coming again, and coming to stay. The work we have in hand is only the beginning. It is a pretty fair start, but if they (the English) should ask you what the future has in store, you may tell them in the words of Paul Jones that 'we are just beginning to fight.'"

We therefore salute the *St. Louis*, and those that are to come after her. No handsomer bunting flies from any ship than the American flag which will float above her taffrail. She represents the genius of our people, their thrift and their enterprise. May Old Ocean caress her fondly, and may the winds and waves ever treat her kindly.

Improved Business Conditions.

EVIDENCES continue to multiply of the general improvement in business throughout the country. Mercantile operations are enlarging, and there is a notable increase of production in some important branches of industry. This is especially the case in the cotton manufacture and the iron and steel industries. In these, the improvement has been attended by an advance in wages in the Fall River, Pittsburgh, and Ohio districts. The improvement in these latter branches of production was perhaps to be first expected, owing to the fact that the metal schedules were least affected by the legislation of the tariff-tinkerers at the last session of Congress. It is stated that the advance in wages in the cotton industry affects nearly one hundred thousand persons, while the advance in woolen manufactures reaches seven per cent. of all the persons engaged in it. The railroads of the country, which are the first to feel the impulse of improvement—the trunk lines especially—show in their late reports a marked increase in earnings. Thus, the monthly report of the Pennsylvania Railroad for April reports an increase in gross earnings east of Pittsburgh of four hundred and forty-one thousand dollars; while the increase for a period of four months has been one million five hundred thousand dollars. The *Railroad Gazette* states that, in anticipation of a still further business revival, railroad companies have given orders, so far this year, for 22,029 freight-cars, representing an investment of over ten millions of dollars, and adds that the total output of the contracting car-shops for five months this year exceeds that of the entire year of 1894 by over five thousand cars. Another fact illustrating the same tendency toward improved conditions is that the bank returns of the larger cities show a steady increase in loans and discounts. All these are most

gratifying evidences of a growth in business confidence and a readjustment of our industries to normal relations. The gains already made warrant a belief that unless the agitation of the silver question shall chill the spirit of enterprise, we will, at no distant day, be on the road to a full recovery of industrial and commercial prosperity.

The Cuban Insurrection.

It is estimated by Spanish newspapers that the suppression of the Cuban revolt will cost at least forty millions of dollars. This estimate rests upon the assumption that the troops already dispatched to the island, and the plans already in course of execution, will be sufficient to put an end to the insurrection. The death of General Marti the Cuban leader, who more than any other commanded the popular confidence, and some other losses, have undoubtedly weakened the insurgent cause, but there is no evidence as yet of any abatement of rebel activity, and the contest may be so prolonged as to involve a much larger outlay on the part of the home government than is now anticipated. The insurgents have a great advantage in the fact that they operate in a country with which they are perfectly familiar, and are able to harass and baffle the enemy without exposing themselves to serious risk. Climatic conditions are also in their favor.

Whether the struggle shall be brief or long there can be no doubt that it would be cheaper for Spain to recognize the Cuban demand for essential reforms than to persist in a policy which provokes constant discontent, and can only be enforced by the military power. General Campos apparently realizes fully the unwisdom of this policy, and is understood to have recommended a series of reforms which, in his opinion, will largely appease the existing feeling of unrest. These reforms would be supplementary to the concessions in the direction of home rule which were made last year, but which were never actually carried out, owing to the outbreak of the present rebellion. In effect the scheme would perpetuate Spanish sovereignty over Cuba, but would give the island a colonial form of government, with a local Legislature, one-half of whose members would be chosen by popular election. The body would have control of the posts, education and public works, with a separate budget for local government. This would probably satisfy the autonomist party, but there is a strong faction which demands more radical concessions, such as the diversion of all income from Cuban taxes, instead of a part as proposed, to local instead of federal purposes, and as in the present condition of the Spanish treasury this is certain to be denied, the Campos scheme of pacification is hardly likely to prove as effectual as could be desired. Sooner or later Spain will be compelled to give the Cubans what they ask, and it is amazing that her statesmen persist in prolonging, at enormous risk and cost, a struggle which, in the nature of things, can have but one outcome.

Taxation of Bachelors.

ALL our Legislatures are practically alike in their disposition to neglect serious affairs and devote their attention to light and wholly frivolous matters. We have seen many illustrations of this fact during the recent session of our own State Legislature, and from other States we have reports which show the same tendency. Probably the most prominent instances of legislative fooling are those afforded by the Legislatures of Illinois and Missouri. In both of these States bills have been introduced looking to the taxation of bachelors, and, judging from the character of the discussions, the promoters of this sort of legislation were thoroughly in earnest, apparently having no conception at all of the absurdity of their undertaking.

The Illinois bill, which corresponds closely with that introduced in Missouri, declared bachelors to be "all male persons of the age of thirty-two years and over, being of sound mind and limb, who are single and never have been married." All such persons were to be taxed if they had lived in the State six months, except such as had arrived at the age of sixty-five years, and those who "could prove that they had proposed marriage to a female of marriageable age at least three times upon different occasions, and been refused each time." The tax was not to be set apart for the ordinary expenses of the State, but for an old maids' home, to be managed by a board of three women, neither of whom should be less than sixty years of age. This board was to be appointed by the Governor—that is to say, if he could find three women in the State who were willing to acknowledge that they had reached the age of sixty years. The home was to be erected when the sum acquired from the tax should reach fifty thousand dollars, after which the continuing tax was expected to meet the current expenses of the institution, and perhaps furnish a fund for its future enlargement, should that become necessary.

The attempt to tax bachelors, of course, is not new, but it has usually resulted as in the present instance. Addison, if we remember correctly, had something to say on the proposition to tax them—or it may have been the *Tattler*, or some production contemporary with the *Spectator*. Certain rural towns in England and New England even have embarked in the enterprise temporarily. Of course it is some married man who always introduces the bachelor tax proposition. He has his fun out of it, and so do the funny paragraphists. If it is not a feasible move, it at least adds

to the gayety of communities. And those who are supposed to have reaped the roses and lilies of life will always, therefore, just so often put themselves in the same relation to those who have peacefully gathered only the thorns, that the boys played in the Æsopian frog's fable. For there is nothing new under the sun, and in spite of the proposed bachelor tax, the bachelor himself will not go out of fashion. When we come to think of all the bearings of the question, we can only reach one conclusion, and that is that the Legislature cannot do everything, and that nature can be depended upon to do a few things even better than the Legislature can do them.



ONE or two correspondents of Chicago newspapers do not like the comments of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in reference to the bill-board nuisance in that city, recently illustrated in these columns. They characterize our remarks as impertinent and querulous. But the *Evening Post* and other journals applaud our remarks, and insist that the authorities should put a stop to the plastering of walls and fences with vulgar, unsightly, and in many cases indecent bill-boards and signs. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is quite certain that the best public sentiment approves its efforts, first made here at home, for the abolition of a great nuisance, and it will not be seriously disturbed by anything that may be said in condemnation of its course by exceptional Chicago admirers of things hideous and shameful.

THERE is a striking identity between the resolutions adopted by the Memphis sound-money conference and the declaration on the same subject of the Republican national platform of 1892. That platform demanded such "legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its workmen, demand that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government shall be as good as any other." The initial resolution of the Memphis convention is as follows:

"Believing a uniform and certain standard of value necessary to the agricultural, commercial, and industrial development and prosperity of our common country, we favor the maintenance of all our money, whether gold, silver, or paper, on a parity, to the end that each dollar, whatever may be its composition, shall have equal purchasing and debt-paying power with every other dollar."

THE predictions of the advocates of free-silver coinage that a persistence in our present financial policy must inevitably ruin the silver States do not appear to be justified by facts. Colorado is one of the States which has been specially referred to as certain to suffer enormously from our refusal to go into the unlimited coinage of silver. But it appears that, on the contrary, Colorado is going ahead prosperously; the population of Denver has increased nearly ten thousand since 1893, and generally the outlook is full of encouragement. One source of this increasing prosperity is, of course, the enlarged output of gold, and this fact confirms what we have before said, namely, that if this and others of the so-called silver States would utilize their general resources instead of relying wholly upon one or two, they would become richer and more widely prosperous than they can ever possibly do under the policy heretofore pursued.

THE book of discipline of the Presbyterian Church forbids polygamous marriages. But in India nearly all the converts made by missionaries are polygamists. The synod of India, facing this fact, sent a memorial to the General Assembly, recently in session at Pittsburg, asking instructions as to the course which should be had with converts applying for baptism. That body, instead of acting promptly and definitely in the matter, referred it to a committee to report a year hence, being persuaded thereto, apparently, by a representative of the synod of India, who insisted that "the recognition of polygamous marriages by the church in that country is absolutely necessary." When we recall how eagerly the Assembly asserted itself for the vindication of orthodoxy in the case of Professor Briggs, and later in boycotting Union Seminary for retaining the professor in its faculty, this apparent readiness to compromise away a fundamental law of the church as to polygamy has, to say the least of it, a very curious look.

THE expedition with which the British courts dealt with the case of Oscar Wilde, brushing aside all attempts to delay his trial, and the pitiless promptness with which, when he had been convicted, he was sentenced and sent to prison, are in striking contrast with the methods by which, in some of our American courts, the punishment of notorious criminals is delayed and defeated. In spite of the heinousness of Wilde's offense, he was not without influential friends who did everything in their power to prevent his conviction, and failing in that, to secure his escape with a moderate punishment; but the court resolutely resisted all the pressure in his behalf, and as a result the offender, clad

in convict garb and reduced to convict fare, is paying, at hard labor, the just penalty of his crimes. In New York, a person of equal social prominence, and capable of marshaling an equal number of active sympathizers, would probably have escaped conviction altogether, or if convicted at the end of a protracted struggle in the courts, would have escaped with only a nominal sentence, the execution of which would have been baffled and deferred almost indefinitely by the interposition of pettifogging counsel and complaisant judges. Certainly they do some things better in England than we do them in this enlightened republic.

THE reception given to our special "Greater Boston" number by the press and people of that city amply compensates us for the labor and outlay involved in its publication. The *Transcript* speaks of the illustrations as at once impressive and prophetic, and quotes appreciatively from the text. The *Post* and *Herald* are equally commendatory, the latter saying that there "has been no recent description of Boston of this kind which so completely covers the ground, or that is better worthy of the attention of those of her own citizens who appreciate their city, than is this one." The *Record* says that this issue is "the handsomest thing in its way of a description of our beautiful city that has been done." These generous words, so conspicuously in contrast with the reluctant recognition which in the rivalries of old-time journalism were bestowed upon honest enterprise, are as creditable to our Boston contemporaries, as illustrative of their broad-mindedness, as they are gratifying to us. We may add in this connection that the two special "Greater New York" and "Greater Boston" numbers, already issued, will be supplemented by others illustrative of Chicago, San Francisco, and possibly others of our great cities.

Men and Things.

"Thus passeth year by year and day by day."

EVERY now and again there is a public outburst on the part of some persecuted popular author against the persistence and ubiquity of the autograph fiend. Mr. I. Zangwill, whose recent vogue has probably caused him to be listed with those whose signatures are most desired, gives vent to his feelings on the subject in that very entertaining corner of the *Pull Mall Magazine*, "Without Prejudice," which the editors have given up to him. The principal cause of his tirade is the American reader, who, in nine cases out of ten, he says, is a "she." "Of course her requests are not accompanied by stamped envelopes, either," he goes on, "though, if they had been, the stamps would have been American—invalid, pictorial ironies!" "And when everything else is in order, her epistle is insufficiently stamped, and your income is frittered away in futile five-pences. It is too much. The cup is full. We must no longer bow our necks beneath the yoke, no longer tremble at the postman's knock. We must strike instead—we other men of letters." He says this with force and determination, and suggests that a sort of authors' protective union be formed and a scale of prices for autographs be arranged, the proceeds to be distributed among "decayed critics and neglected novelists." This suggestion is quite in line with the recent ultimatum of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to autograph-hunters, that every one who wanted his autograph must send a copy of the *New York Tribune* with the request, showing that he or she had contributed five dollars or more to the *Tribune* fresh-air fund. The whole thing suggests a story Phillips Brooks used to tell of Emerson, "the wicked little philosopher," he called him, on the same subject. A group of them were discussing the admiring-correspondent annoyance, and some one asked Emerson if his admirers bothered him much. "Not at all," said Emerson; "they keep me in postage-stamps."

It is always a matter of speculation among army officers what change each new Secretary of War will make in their uniforms. Sometimes it is a new button, epaulet, or stripe, or again a new coat, boot, or glove. Secretary Lamont has decided on a new cap, and it is a sight for the weeping of angels. It is not exactly of the pattern affected by bicycle-riders, nor is it a reproduction of those worn by telegraph-boys, but it seems to be a careful combination of both. Vigorous protests have been made against its adoption, but with little hope of favorable reception, and our officers will be saddled with a ridiculous headgear—as an Irishman might put it—for the next two or three years. Now that the various detachments of our army are being brought nearer each year to the great cities, it would not be amiss to adopt a permanent regulation uniform for both officers and men that would be a little more presentable and suitable than the present one. After consultation with military authorities Congress should pass a law that would relieve Secretaries of War from exercising their not always reliable taste in the matters of dress, on—in this extremity—a defenseless and long-suffering army.

It is not surprising to hear that Sir Henry Irving has attempted *Don Quixote*, for at first thought it would seem to be an ideal part for him, full of the spirit of high comedy not untouched by tenderness and pathos. It is much more surprising and difficult to understand that his performance was a failure, lacking in dignity, force, and

even humor. In the first place the play is but a one-act trifle, and it is hard to conceive how even an actor could consider it possible to do justice to the famous *hidalgo* of *La Mancha* in one act. In the second place Sir Henry (will we ever accustom ourselves to the sir?) seems to have conceived the character in the spirit of broad and eccentric comedy quite in the vein of his *Macaire* or *Jingle*, whereas it demanded much the same treatment as his *Charles I.* or *Becket*, with just a suggestion of the touch he gave to *Malvolio*. His failures are so rare that it is disappointing to have to record one in a character which seems so eminently fitted for him.

Since the appearance and subsequent success of the occasionally interesting little *Chap-Book*, a number of five-cent imitators and competitors have sprung up like mushrooms, from no one knows where, and are to be found from month to month on the news-stands. They are generally short-lived, what vitality they have sufficing but for the issue of the first number, and it is just as well, as they stand for very little, and are not worth even their modest price. I must make exception, however, in favor of a dozen pages of brown paper, labeled *The Lark*, which have come all the way from San Francisco. A *Lark* would have been a better title, I think, for it has an air of good humor about it, and of healthy animal spirits, that is quite characteristic of a youthful escapade. One could almost wish for its continuance through a score of numbers, if there was any surety for its continued excellence.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—EUGENE FIELD is said to be outgrowing his former habit of inviting people to dinner and then forgetting all about the engagement, but many of his eccentricities are too deeply ingrained for reform. He dearly loves a practical joke—on some other man. He used to receive his office visitors in a three-legged chair which a slight movement of the poet's foot would cause to topple over, and at other times he would pull a cord that would rattle a roll of sheet-iron suspended over their heads, in a terrifying way. When a country cousin came in to see him he would say: "Just wait a moment till I dash off a poem," and in five minutes he would hand the awe-struck visitor a charming piece of verse that he had carefully elaborated hours before. One bleak Arctic morning the poet came shivering down town in a linen duster, with a palm-leaf fan in his hand. But perhaps Mr. Field's greatest eccentricity is the ease and facility with which he will turn from the composition of a pathetic, tear-starting poem to the writing of a piece of rollicking humor. It is by writing humor that he gets even with his dyspepsia.

—Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson relates a curious experience of housekeeping in Samoa with Samoan servants. One day her daughter went to a native picnic, and observed that all the people prostrated themselves before a handsome young man who was seated in state on a dais. Further observation showed that the young man was Mrs. Stevenson's cook, who had been chosen by popular ballot to be "the magnificent one"—a local Ward McAllister, elected to set the styles in all matters of procedure, from dancing to singing war-songs. His loss grieved the Stevenson household, and himself as well, for he was forced to give up European food and civilized lodging for a diet of bananas and bread-fruit, and a couch of mats with a block of wood for the pillow.

—A Chicago architect, Mr. J. Sidney Villere, has received from the De Reszké brothers, the well-known opera singers, a commission to build them a princely lodge at their country-seat in Poland. Every part of the structure is to be completed in Chicago, and sent to Poland in sections. It will be unique in its arrangement and decorations, and very commodious, the design of the owners being to make it at once artistic and an ideal retreat for people who live for art. This is believed to be the first instance in which Western ideas of architecture and comfort have been adopted by any foreigner of artistic tastes.

—At this year's reunion of the South's surviving soldiers, at Houston, Texas, Miss Winnie Davis received the customary ovation that greets her at these encampments as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." Miss Davis is, by general testimony, a very graceful and charming woman, and a very pretty woman as well. In appearance she is tall and a brunette. She is a clever writer, one published story from her pen having attracted very favorable notice, and another, which is even more promising, is in the hands of a New York publishing-house.

—The Spanish novelist Galdos, who is called great even by his contemporaries, is a bachelor of fifty, who leads a very simple and retiring life. He has written twenty volumes of "national episodes," historical romances that fire the native reader's heart with patriotism while they charm him as stories, and they have been uniformly popular since the first of them, "Trafalgar," was published in 1873. Viewed as history, however much fabricated, they form a continuous story of Spain's efforts to throw off the yoke of Napoleon.



GENERAL WADE HAMPTON DELIVERING THE DEDICATORY ORATION.



GENERAL LONGSTREET, FITZHUGH LEE, AND REV. H. W. BOLTON.



FIRST REGIMENT, ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD, AFTER FIRING A SALUTE OVER THE GRAVES.



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS, ROSEHILL CEMETERY, CHICAGO.



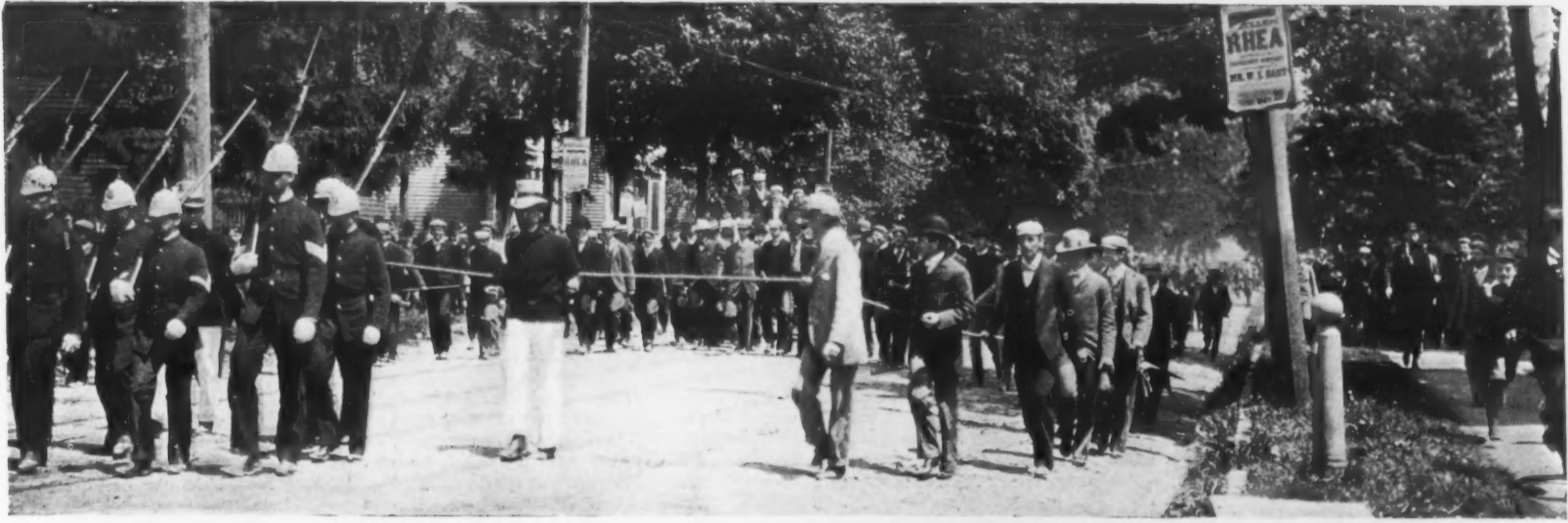
CROWD LISTENING TO GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

CEREMONIES OF MEMORIAL DAY AT CHICAGO—DEDICATION OF MONUMENTS TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AND TO GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

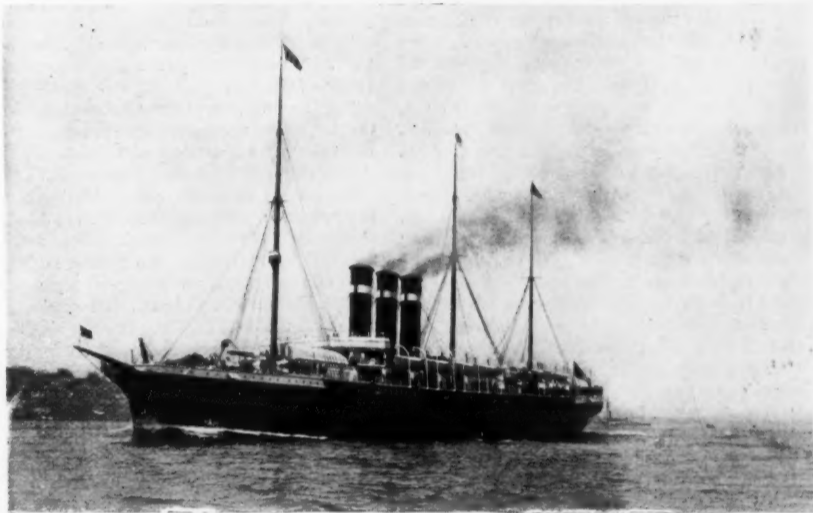


FUNERAL OF THE LATE SECRETARY GRESHAM AT CHICAGO—PROCESSION ENTERING THE CEMETERY CHAPEL.

THE LATE SECRETARY GRESHAM.
From a photograph taken in the streets of Washington expressly for LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THE HENLEY CREW DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF ITHACA BY THE 'VARSITY AND FRESHMEN CREWS.



THE STEAMER "PARIS" PASSING DOWN NEW YORK BAY.



CHEERING THE CREW AT THE RAILWAY STATION, ITHACA.



THE CREW'S LAST SPIN ON THE INLET, TWO HOURS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FROM ITHACA.

HONORS FOR THE CORNELL CREW ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND TO ROW FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP IN THE HENLEY REGATTA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT, MADE EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—[SEE PAGE 397.]



THE STIRRING FINISH IN THE ONE-HUNDRED-YARDS DASH AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES, WON BY JOHN V. CRUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

Lady Kilpatrick.

(Continued from front page.)

talk of something else, Dulcie; 'tis a subject that always makes me sad."

"Why?" asked Dulcie.

"Why," said Desmond, "there's times when I feel like a boat on the sea—all alone. I've neither kith nor kin, only friends. You'll laugh at me, I know, but there's times, when I'm by myself, I feel the mist rising to my eyes and the lump in my throat, thinking I've never known a father's care nor a mother's love."

The bright face had lost its merry impudence for the moment, and the quick, swinging step slackened.

"Laugh at you?" repeated Dulcie. "I'll never laugh at you for that. And I care for you, Desmond."

"And that might come to be the bitterest of all," said Desmond. "You're like a star in the sky above me, Dulcie. You're a rich young lady, and I'm only a poor boy, dependent on strangers. And come, now," he continued after a short pause, "I've answered your question, will ye answer mine? Is it true, what I hear all about the place, that you're to marry Richard Conseltine?"

"Nonsense!" said Dulcie, flushing redly. "I'm not going to marry anybody."

"Ah!" said Desmond, dryly, "that's what all the girls say, but they never mane it."

"I mean it. I think marriage is absurd. Don't you?"

"Sure I do," responded Desmond. "But the priest says it's convenient, if the world is to continue. Tell me, now, what d'ye think o' Master Richard?"

"Think of him?" said Dulcie, slowly. "Oh, I think—I think he's my cousin, and as stupid as girls' cousins always are."

"That's mighty hard on boys in general," said Desmond, laughingly, "for they're mostly some girl's cousin. I may be myself, for all I know. But Richard's as fond of you as a fox of a goose—a duck, I mane. And that's why he hates me."

"For shame, Desmond! How has he ever shown that he hates you?"

"Shown it? Faith, he doesn't need to show it. It just comes out of him like steam from boiling water. Much I care for the hate or the love of the likes o' him. I'll bate him there as I bate him in everything else. I can run him out o' breath, fight him out o' time, gallop him out o' hearing, swim him out o' seeing, chaff him out o' temper—and as for loving, sure if he loves ye, I'll just adore ye, and so bate him at that as well."

The girl smiled, with her face turned a little away from this brisk wooer, whose bursts of affectionate impudence were generally followed by long intervals of silence.

"You adore too many, Desmond."

"Sorra one but yourself."

"What?" cried Dulcie. "What were you doing with Rosie this morning in the stable-yard?"

"I mistook her for her mistress," said Desmond. "No, sure," he added, as the girl flushed a little angrily, "I don't mane that."

"I should think you didn't mane that," said the young lady. "I should like to catch you kissing me."

"I'm agreeable to be caught," returned the unabashable.

"Oh, you Irish boys!" cried Dulcie, with a transparent simulation of contempt. "You kiss anybody, so it's no compliment."

"That depends," said Desmond. "There's kissing for duty, and kissing for interest, and kissing for love. There's a mighty difference between kissing a rose and kissing a thorn. But, after all, what's a kiss but a salutation?"

"You're a great deal too forward," said Dulcie, with an almost matronly air of reproof.

"Then get behind me," responded Desmond, "and I'll go backward."

The battle of wit was interrupted at this point by the sudden appearance of a man at the end of the easy ascent leading to the castle. As he approached, the young couple fell apart a little and advanced to meet him with a proper and respectful distance between them.

"It's Blake, of Blake's Hall," said Desmond, as he neared them.

"In his usual condition of an afternoon," said Dulcie.

The man, tall and strongly built, with a mane of black hair and whiskers streaked heavily with gray, and a flushed face, was reeling and tacking along the narrow path. His hat reposed at a dangerous angle at the back of his head, and his waistcoat was open to catch the cooling breeze. There was an air of jolly ferocity about him, but in spite of that and of the disorder of his dress and the other signs of dissipation he carried about with him, the least observant person in the world would hardly have taken him for anything but a gentleman. As he came level with the young people he stopped in his walk and in the scrap of Irish song he was chanting, and saluted the young

lady with a wide and unsteady sweep of the hat.

"Good-morning, Lady Dulcie." The voice, though husky, and at that moment a little thick with liquor, was round and full and sweet, and the brogue simply defied phonetics to render it. "Ye're a cure for sore eyes. Desmond, ye devil, give us your fin."

"You have been dining with my uncle, Mr. Blake?" asked Lady Dulcie.

"Faith, I have, then," returned Mr. Blake, "and if the company had only been as good as the dinner and the wine—and the whisky—'tis not yet I'd been after lavin' it."

"And what was the matter with the company?" asked Desmond.

"It appears to me, Mr. Desmond Macartney," said Blake with portentous drunken dignity, "it appears to me, sir, that a gentleman of the long descent and the high breedin' of Lord Kilpatrick might have thought twice before invitin' a man o' my blood to sit at the same table with a low, dirty, six-an'-eight-scrapin' thafe of an attorney. The back o' my hand and the sole o' my feet to'm, the filthy reptile! I've lift my mark on 'm, and I've spoke my mind o' 'm, and 'twill be a long time ere he forgets Pathrick Blake of Blake's Hall."

"My uncle?" cried Lady Dulcie, in a tone of half amaze, half question.

"Your uncle, Lady Dulcie?" answered Blake. "'Tis not in that fashion that a gentleman of my figure behaves to a gentleman of his. 'Tis not at the nead of a nobleman that I throw bottles; nor, sor," he continued to Desmond, as if the interruption had come from him, "'tis not him I'd call a dirty thafe nor a filthy reptile, and that I'd have ye to know, sor."

"Ye've been quarreling with somebody at his lordship's table?" said Desmond.

"I have, then! And if Dick Conseltine and that white-livered boy of his, and old Peebles—may the devil fly away with the whole boodle of 'm!—if they hadn't interfered and spoilt the sport, I'd have had the ruffian's blood. By the lud, I'd have smashed him like an egg!" He drove one powerful fist into the palm of the other with such force as to overbalance himself, and was only prevented by Desmond's restraining hand from coming to the ground.

"'Tis an insult, before heaven, 'tis an insult to ask a gentleman to put his legs under the mahogany with such a snake as that!"

"Ye had your legs under the mahogany a pretty long time before ye found 'twas an insult, from the looks of ye," said Desmond. "Now, look here, Mr. Blake, 'tis not for a boy of my years to be after offering lessons in politeness to a gentleman of yours, but I'll just ask ye to remember that the host whose hospitality ye're insultin' is this lady's uncle."

Blake's ferocity vanished with ludicrous suddenness. He began to stammer apologies to Lady Dulcie.

"And then, too, Mr. Blake," continued Desmond, "ye'd claim the right to choose the guests at your own table—if ye had one," he interpolated, sotto voce, "and Lord Kilpatrick, or any gentleman, has the same right."

"And that's true, if the devil spoke it," cried Blake. "Desmond Macartney, ye're a gentleman. Ye can carry a gentleman's apology to a gentleman without demeaning yourself. Present my apologies to his lordship, and tell him that I'll honor myself by presenting them personally when I hear that he's got rid of his present company."

"'Tis Mr. Feagus, of Ballymote, that ye've had the row with?"

"Faith, then, it is, and ye can tell him that if he has the spunk to stand up at twenty paces I'll do sufficient violence to my feelin's as a gentleman to honor him by lettin' daylight into him."

"Nonsense, Mr. Blake," said Desmond.

"Men don't fight duels nowadays."

"No, by the saints!" cried Blake; "they stab each other with ink pens, and suck each other dry with lawsuits, by the help of such parchmint-scrapin' vermin as Jack Feagus. 'Tis a dirty world we live in, Desmond, me boy, but sure that's all the more reason that the few decent boys there should stick together. I'm goin' on to Widdy Daly's shebeen, and if ye're inclined for a swill at the Stone Cow, I'll be proud of your company."

"Later, perhaps," said Desmond. "I've Lady Dulcie to take care of, you see."

"Ah!" said Blake, with a vinous smile at the girl, "'tis the best end of the stick that ye've got hold of, Desmond Macartney. Whisky's a good familiar craythur, but 'tis a mighty poor substitute for the colleens. Good luck to ye, Lady Dulcie, your obedient servant."

He swaggered off, his recent anger quite forgotten, and a moment later the quiet evening air rang tunably with a scrap of Irish song:

"And thin he'd reply, with a wi' of his eye, 'Arrah! Paddy, now, can't ye be v'?"

"'Tis a beautiful voice," said Desmond, standing still to listen. "'Twould have been better for poor Blake, maybe, if it hadn't been so fine; it's just been the ruin of 'im."

"The horrid old man!" said Dulcie. "I wonder uncle admits him to his table."

"Oh, sure, there's no harm in poor Blake," said Desmond. "He's nobody's enemy but his own, and there's no better company in Ireland, till he gets too much of the whisky inside him, or sees an attorney."

"What makes him hate lawyers so?" asked Dulcie.

"Sure, he has reason," returned the boy, who had all an Irishman's apparently innate detestation of law and its exponents. "He lost one-half of his acres in trying to keep the other half, years ago, before you and I were born, and Feagus, who acted for him, played him false. That's the story, at least, and I don't find it hard to believe, for he's a dirty reptile, that same Feagus."

They passed together through the ruined arch which had been in former times the main point of ingress, through the outer wall of the castle, whose rough and ponderous stones had, in these later years of peace, gone to the building of stables, offices, and peasants' cottages. The main building, a huge, castellated mansion with an aspect of great age and rugged strength, contrasted strongly in the air of well-kept prosperity with most proprietorial residences in that part of Ireland. Skirting the side of the castle, they came upon a garden and pleasure, bright with flowering plants and emerald turf, commanding a view of the sea, now indistinct with the glaring tints of sunset, which were reflected, too, by the bay-windows of the castle facade.

A heavy-faced, sullen-looking young man, dressed in an ultra-fashionable dress suit, and strangling in a four-inch collar, was sprawling ungracefully on a garden seat, with a newspaper on his knees and a cup of coffee on the rustic table at his elbow. He turned at the sound of footsteps on the garden gravel, and seeing Dulcie, rolled clumsily to his feet.

"His lordship has been asking for you, Lady Dulcie."

"Dinner is over, I suppose?" said Dulcie.

"Yes, dinner is over," said the young man, "and so is the fight."

"We've heard all about the fight from Blake. We met him on the rocks," said Desmond.

The young man took no heed of the remark, and did not even look at the speaker.

"I'm getting pretty tired of living down here among these savages," he continued to Lady Dulcie, with an attempt at the accent of a certain type of London men which struggled vainly with a pronounced Dublin brogue. "Bottles flying at people's heads—it isn't my style, you know."

"Sure," says Desmond, "if we're so savage as all that, 'twould be a charity to stop here among us and civilize us. We're willing to learn, Mr. Richard Conseltine, and willing to tache the little we know."

The young dandy looked at him with a heavy insolence, in which there was a lurking touch of fear, but did not deign to address him.

"His lordship's awfully upset. My father's with him, and the doctor's been sent for."

"I'll go and see him," said Dulcie. "Desmond, you might go and ask Mrs. O'Flaherty for some dinner for both of us. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"I'll follow ye directly," said Desmond.

"You'll come at once, if you please," she said, with a pretty imperiousness. "Come!"

They went away together, young Conseltine following them with a deepening of his usual ill-bred, angry scowl.

"The supercilious brute!" said Desmond, under his breath.

"One fight a day is quite enough, Desmond," said Lady Dulcie.

"Fight!" said Desmond. "Much of a fight 'twould be. I'd—"

"Quite so," Dulcie interrupted him, quietly. "I know you'd—, and as I don't want you to—, you'll just go quietly and ask to have some dinner laid for us, and keep out of his way for the rest of the evening."

II.

LORD KILPATRICK.

MR. BLAKE'S abrupt and angry departure from the castle left anything but comfortable feelings in the breasts of one or two of his late convives. Lord Kilpatrick, an elderly nobleman, whose originally feeble constitution had not been improved by early dissipation, and who was afflicted with a mysterious cardiac disorder, which caused him constant nervous tremors, was in a condition of semi-senile anger over Blake's violation of the sanctities of his dinner-table. Mr. Feagus, Blake's *bête noir*, was naturally and excusably enraged by the terms of unmeasured contempt in which the latter had addressed him. He was almost as great a rascal as Blake thought him, but he had a full measure of the commonest of Irish virtues, brute courage; and had it not been for the interference of my lord's brother, Mr. Conseltine, his son Richard and old Mr. Peebles, my lord's butler, valet, general factotum, and

tyrant, Blake might have had cause to regret his outrage on his host's hospitality.

"The beggarly bankrupt brute!" he cried. "Be the blood o' the saints, Mr. Conseltine, if 'twas not for the respect I owe ye as my lord's brother—ye used me ill, sir, in houldin' me back."

Conseltine, a dark man of late middle age, with an inscrutable face, and a manner of unvarying suavity, poured a bumper of Burgundy and held it out to the angry attorney.

"Drink that, Mr. Feagus. 'Tis a fine cure for anger. Maybe I've not used you so ill as you think. Mr. Peebles," he continued, "you had better assist my brother to his room. Pray be calm, my dear Henry. The disturbance is over. If you will permit me, I will do myself the pleasure of looking in on you before retiring."

His lordship, his face twitching and his hands tremulous with anger, sat back in his chair and pettishly brushed the old Scotchman's hand from his shoulder.

"At my table!" he ejaculated, angrily, for the sixth time.

"Aye!" said Peebles, with a broad, dogmatic drawl. "Ye should keep better company. Come awa', man, come awa'. Ye'll get nae good by sitting there glowering at folk."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" snapped the nobleman. "How dare you address me in that fashion?"

"Come awa', come awa'," repeated Peebles, quietly, as one speaks to a froward child. "Ye'll be doing yourself a mischief."

The old lord rose tremulously and left the room on his servant's arm. Mr. Conseltine stepped rapidly forward to open the door, and shook his brother's hand as he passed from the room. Then, returning, he addressed Feagus, who was still puffing with anger.

"Sit down, Mr. Feagus. Fill again, man, and wash the taste of that drunken blackguard out of your mouth. Yes, yes," he continued, seeing Feagus about to speak. "He's all that you could call him, but he has to be endured; he knows too much to be crossed."

"Knows?" snorted Feagus, "and what does he know, then?"

Conseltine looked warily round before replying, and then, bending across the table till his face was within a foot of Feagus, he said in a low voice:

"He knows all about Moya Macartney."

"Moya Macartney?" echoed Feagus. "And who the devil is Moya Macartney?"

"She was a peasant girl, away down in Kenmare. My brother married her—a sham marriage—'twas Blake that played priest for him, and pretended to be in holy orders."

"Murder!" murmured Feagus. "And after that what came of it?"

"The old story. Henry grew tired of his plaything. One day when the child—they had a child—was two years old, he told Moya the truth. She went on like a mad woman for a time, and then went quite cold and quiet. Henry thought 'twas all right and that she had accepted the situation, but within two hours she disappeared, taking the child with her, and for a month or two nothing was heard of her."

"Well?" said Feagus, eagerly.

"Then," continued Conseltine, "one night—a devilish cold winter's night it was, too—the boy was brought to my brother with a letter. 'Take your child,' the letter said, 'and as you use him may God use you. You'll never hear from me again.' 'Twas signed, 'Moya Macartney,' and a week later her body was found on the sands of Kenmare Bay."

"A good riddance," said Feagus. "And the child?"

"The child is the squireen, Desmond Macartney."

Feagus looked sideways from under his ponderous brows at Dick Conseltine. The boy's sullen mask was almost as inscrutable as his father's smooth face.

"Does Desmond Macartney guess that he's my lord's son?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said Conseltine. "A story was trumped up that he was the orphan son of people to whom my brother owed obligations. He's too big a fool to trouble himself asking questions."

"Well, now," said Feagus, "spake out and let me know what 'tis ye fear."

"I fear my brother's weakness. He may leave all to this young vagabond. He's been conscience-naunted about Moya Macartney's death ever since it happened, and I know that more than once he has made his will in favor of the squireen. There's not a square yard o' the estate entailed. He could leave it to a beggar in the street if he liked, and Dick'd get nothing but the title. I'm as certain as I can be that he has sent for ye to make a will, and with that old devil Peebles always whispering in his ears, praising the bastard and running down Dick, there's danger."

"Well?" asked the lawyer, after a pause.

"Well?" Conseltine's smooth voice echoed him.

There was silence for a full minute, during which Feagus sat looking over his glass from father to son.

"Plane spache is best, Mr. Conseltine. I'm a frind of the family, a humble frind, and I'd like to see justice. Will ye spake straight, and say what ye'd have done?"

Conseltine smiled with half-shut eyes.

"I thought ye'd understand me," he said, coolly. "I'm sure that the interests of the family are safe in your hands, and you may be sure that the family won't be ungrateful."

"Ye can thrust me, sor," said Feagus. "I'll take care that justice is done. Ye needn't fear your brother's wakeness if I have the drawin' o' the will."

Conseltine nodded again. The worthy trio brought their glasses together with a light clink, and drank.

"Ye see, now," continued Conseltine, "why Blake has to be humored. He's capable of blowing on us in one of his drunken tantrums, and then the whole story would be ripped up."

Feagus nodded.

"Keep out of his way, Mr. Feagus; or, if ye meet him, control your temper. That's all I wanted to say, and I think we understand each other."

"Fairly well," said Feagus.

"Tis a pretty kettle o' fish I'm stirring," he said to himself when father and son had left him alone; "but I'll be surprised if I don't kape the biggest trout for me own share. I'll help Conseltine to get the estates, and then I'll be on his back like the ould man o' the sea on Sindbad's. Here's success to virtue! 'Tis a foiner dhrink, this, and 'tis not often, Jack Feagus, that ye get the chance of dhrinkin' rale wine out of a live lord's cellar."

Lord Kilpatrick had meanwhile been conducted to the drawing-room by the faithful, though outwardly unsympathetic, Peebles. Sitting at the open oriel window in a high-backed antique chair, he drew in the soft evening air with tremulous gulps. His face, which in youth and manhood had been singularly handsome, was drawn with pain and pettish anger, and wore that peculiarly gray tinge so often seen in the complexions of people afflicted with diseases of the heart. His long, waxen fingers beat irritably on the arm-pieces of his chair, so that the rings with which, in consonance with the fashion of his faith, long since abandoned by most of his contemporaries, they were decorated, cast out little jagged coruscations of colored light.

Peebles, a long, dry Scotchman, who but for his white hair might have been of any age from thirty-five to eighty, long in leg and arm, long in the back, long in the nose and upper lip, shrewd of eye, dry and deliberate in action, moved soundlessly about the room until summoned by his master's voice.

"Peebles!"

"My lord?"

"How do I look? No flattery, now. Speak out."

"Much flattery ye'll get frae me, or ever did," responded Peebles, taking his stand before the invalid and scrutinizing him with a cast-iron countenance of no namable expression.

"Well, Peebles, well! How do I look?"

"Ye look," said Peebles, after another thirty seconds' inspection, "ye look as green as grass, and as sick as pease-meal."

"Nonsense! Pooh! Rubbish!" Each word shot out of his lordship's mouth like a bullet. "I never felt better."

"Ye never looked worse," said Peebles.

"God bless my soul!" said his lordship. "It must be those—globules that Clarke is giving me. They're ruining my liver—actually ruining it. Infernal idiots of doctors!" His fingers beat faster. "Go away, Peebles; go away!"

Peebles retired into the background and stood scraping his lantern jaws with his lank hand.

"Peebles?" said the old gentleman again.

"My lord?"

"You don't think—" Lord Kilpatrick paused, hemmed, and finally shot the question out of himself with a suddenness which showed how strong a repugnance he had to conquer before he could ask it. "You don't think I'm going to die?"

"Ye don't suppose ye're immortal, do ye?" asked the unbending servitor.

"Of course not. Confound you for an unfeeling blockhead!" cried his master. "Give me your advice—tell me what to do."

"I'm to prescribe for ye?" asked Peebles, looking, as he stood outlined against the oblong of white sky seen through the window, like the silhouette of some curious species of parrot.

"If you can."

"What else have I been doing this last nineteen years," asked Peebles, "but prescribing the one sure remedy ye wiuna tak'? Man, your disease is pride. Try the black draught of humanity and the blue pill of atonement."

"What the devil are you talking about?" asked his lordship, looking angrily at his servant, who returned his gaze quite unmoved.

"Ye know very weel what I'm talkin' aboot," he returned, with no quickening of his usual deliberate drawl. "Acknowledge your son, Lord Kilpatrick, and thank God humbly on

your knees for such a son to bless your declining years."

"By heaven!" cried his lordship, sitting up in his chair, "you—you—how dare you trifle with me?" The gray shade deepened on his face, his trembling hands were pressed against his heart. "I have done my uttermost. I have provided for the boy. I have looked after his welfare—can a man do more?"

"Aye, ye can! Desmond Macartney is your flesh and blood. Acknowledge him before the world—it's all the atonement ye can make to the poor lass that's gone—your wife, Lord Kilpatrick."

"She was not my wife!"

THE BILTMORE ESTATE.

MR. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S COUNTRY-SEAT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

SPLENDID and stately as are many of the large country-seats of the wealthy men of America, there is none that can compare with Biltmore, the country house and grounds of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. In truth, there is nothing like Biltmore in this country. The only places that can at all compare with Biltmore estate are the country-seats in England and on the continent of Europe. But these foreign properties are the result of accumulation and inheritance; they have been established only after hundreds of years, and generation after generation has added to their beauty, their charm, and their grandeur.

The Biltmore estate is a recent creation. Five years ago the site of the mansion was a lofty mountain-peak of the Blue Ridge; the grounds, now laid out as fine as any in Central Park in New York, were then farm-lands, little cultivated, while the rest of the tract was covered with scrub oaks and pines and other sorry-looking trees. Then, there were few roads over the place, and even those were almost impassable in the spring. To-day the roads about Biltmore are as hard and smooth as the boulevards of a city.

And so, if we compare Biltmore estate, as it stands to-day, with the undeveloped property of five years ago—what a change! The wonders wrought by the landscape-gardener and the architect put one in mind of the transformations caused by Oriental magicians, who raised up palaces and blooming gardens in a single night.

We found Biltmore station not the easiest place in the world to reach. It is two miles from the city of Asheville, North Carolina, and there is only one train each way a day. We left the main line of the Southern Railway at Salisbury, and when we reached Old Fort the train began the ascent of the mountains. The ride from here on is one of the most picturesque east of the Rocky Mountains. As the cars climb higher and higher up the mountain sides the track winds in and out, doubling on itself, so that in some places the iron rails are seen coiling one above the other.

At last we arrived at Biltmore, and found a little settlement nestling in the Swannanoa River valley. The river divides the few houses and stores and brick-yard that cluster around the station. On the station side of the river everything belongs to Mr. Vanderbilt. On the other side there are several stores and houses, and high up on the crest of a hill is Kenilworth Inn, overlooking the valley and the Biltmore estate.

The first thing is to obtain a permit to enter the grounds and inspect the residence. This done, the next thing is to hire a horse and wagon, for the Vanderbilt house is about three miles from the station. And it is up-hill all the way. The pass given to visitors reads as follows:

Pass M.....
and party over approach road to the E-planade
via Glen Shiloh and service roads.
(Signed) CHARLES McNAMEE,
per
Not good on Sundays.

In the left-hand corner is stamped "Biltmore, N. C.," with the day and date. Some of these passes are better than others. Some of them only entitle the holder to drive over the main roads. Our permit, through the courtesy of the manager of the estate, Mr. McNamee, was marked "Special."

As soon as we arrived at the site chosen by Mr. Vanderbilt for his magnificent mansion, the great natural beauty of the location was at once apparent. Our first exclamation of delight was, "What a view!" In order to obtain this view Mr. Vanderbilt selected two mountain peaks that rise majestically from the river valley and basin. One of these peaks was cut down and graded until it forms an elevated plateau. The other peak was left undisturbed,

"Aye, was she," returned Peebles, "in the sight o' God! She loved ye, and ye just killed her."

His lordship struggled up in his seat with an oath.

"That's enough! You are out of my service, Peebles, from this moment—I discharge you!"

"I'm agreeable," said Peebles, with unmoved calm.

"And without a character—mind that?"

"Character, is it?" said the dour old Scot. "If ever I need one I'll gang till a God-fearing man, and no till your father's son. Good-afternoon to your lordship."

(To be continued.)

and is topped by a large pine-tree, called the "Vanderbilt pine."

Here, on this eminence, I can imagine a man standing and saying, "I am monarch of all I survey!" Mr. Vanderbilt can do that, for he owns everything in sight—as far as the eye can reach. It is all his, and it goes to make up the vast estate of twenty thousand acres, which includes even the neighboring mountains.

For natural beauty and grandeur this spot is unsurpassed. From here one gets the finest views of mountain, river and valley. Up or down, to east or west, in whatever direction one cares to look, the eye is sure to be rewarded by glimpses of most superb scenery. Thus we see the French Broad River winding its way through the middle of the Biltmore estate for a distance of six or eight miles. Turning to the northeast one may follow the course of the Swannanoa until it unites with the French Broad a few miles below. All around are mountain peaks of the Blue Ridge, each one seemingly higher than its companions, and several of the peaks as high as Mount Washington in New Hampshire.

Every visitor to this region is struck by the wonderful cloud effects. They are continually changing. In early morn the horizon is often one mass of pure white mist, ruffled like the waves of the sea. Again, at sunset, the heavens are aflame with scarlet and purple rays shooting across the dusky peaks, as if there was a fire beyond and behind the mountains.

The Vanderbilt mansion is built almost entirely of Indiana granite. The foundations alone cost four hundred thousand dollars. Many people will wonder how so much money could be expended for a cellar, but the location on the mountain-side affords one explanation. Another explanation is found in the peculiar character of the cellar. It is a regular network of passage-ways, and there are scores of compartments. The place puts one in mind of the old Roman catacombs.

Adjoining the foundation of the house is a huge retaining-wall, eighteen feet thick and forty feet high. It sustains the tennis-court, which is probably the finest of its kind in the world. This tennis court is said to have cost thirty thousand dollars.

The Vanderbilt mansion is three hundred feet by one hundred and ninety, and the total area of ground covered by the walled courts and stables, which are part of the general structure, cannot be far from two acres. In Biltmore the architect, Mr. Richard Morgan Hunt, was given *carte blanche* to carry out the plans of a great American country-seat. To my mind the most beautiful part of the house is the entrance, which is certainly very fine and striking.

To give an account of the arrangement of the rooms one should be an architect. Some of the rooms are practically finished, but most of them are in the rough. Several rooms are of exceptional dimensions. The ball-room, especially, is a grand affair. It is about one hundred and twenty feet by about seventy, and seems about sixty feet high. It is like the interior of a palace. The lofty ceiling and sides are partly decorated and adorned by elaborate carvings. There are three immense open fire-places at one end of the room, and it is said that an organ costing thirty thousand dollars will be placed in about the middle.

The cost of the Vanderbilt mansion is variously estimated at from one million five hundred thousand dollars to two millions. It will take at least five hundred thousand dollars more to carry out the plans. Then there are the heavy hangings, rich furnishings, fine paintings, beautiful statuary, and rare books that will go inside of the house. You may safely count the cost of these at one million dollars. All this is a matter of taste, and depends upon how much the owner wishes to expend.

I have heard that Mr. Vanderbilt admits having expended something like three million five hundred thousand dollars on his country-seat. This amount will probably be stretched to five million dollars when the whole story is told, and that will be in about two years, when

the place will be more or less complete. The weekly pay-roll for salaries and other building expenses has been from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, or about five hundred thousand dollars a year. And remember that the work has been going on steadily for over three years.

Few people who have not been at Biltmore can have an adequate idea of the immense amount of work which has been done to develop the estate. Everything is on a large scale, and the operations have been carried on as though they were on public instead of private works. When building began, a railroad was laid from the station to the site of the house, a distance of three miles. Near the station, and alongside of the track, brick-works were established. The machines could turn out fifty thousand bricks a day. The tile-kilns can make forty thousand tile a day, while from two to three thousand flower-pots a day were made for the plants and flowers to go in the conservatories and gardens.

The extent of Biltmore estate is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand acres. When Mr. Vanderbilt began building he had acquired some eight thousand acres. Since then he has added tract after tract to his original purchase, until he now has the vast domain above stated. If Mr. Vanderbilt wanted a whole mountain he bought it; as, for example, he did in one instance in order to obtain a big spring of pure water to supply his house.

The greater part of Biltmore was bought at moderate figures—say at twenty-five dollars per acre. But when it was known that a Vanderbilt wanted this poor mountain land, which the natives thought so little of that it was sold to pay taxes, prices went up to one hundred dollars, and even five hundred dollars, an acre. Several stories are told of designing persons who reaped big profits at the expense of the New York millionaire. But the best story is that of "the house that Vanderbilt can't buy." There is a small white house of four or five rooms and a patch of nine acres within less than a mile of the mansion on the hill. It is owned by "Josh" Moore, a colored man. Vanderbilt has tried to buy it, but in vain. He is said to have offered the shrewd old darkey as high as one thousand dollars an acre, or nine thousand dollars for a place worth about nine hundred dollars. Standing as it does in the midst of the estate, the colored man's place is an eyesore. Some day it will be removed.

The grounds at Biltmore bear striking testimony to the great skill and care of the landscape gardener. Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead, whose work in Central Park and at the World's Fair, Chicago, is known to all, has equaled his best endeavors at Biltmore. The drives, especially, about the estate are very fine. They run through the most picturesque portions of the Blue Ridge region. There is one road, called the Arboretum Drive, five miles in length. It is lined on either side for a hundred feet with rows of shrubs and plants.

Few pieces of woodland in this country can compare with Biltmore forest. Its present fine condition is the result of a regular system of forest management. Under the directions of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, consulting forester, improvement cuttings were first made, and then began the work of bringing the forest into shape and condition. The wooded tract of some four thousand acres is divided into ninety-two compartments, and these again into four blocks. Each block is treated as a separate forest. On one side of the French Broad River, trees of all ages are mixed together; on the other side, trees of uniform age are grouped together. The effect of this treatment, already visible, will not be fully seen until the next generation, or in fifty years from now.

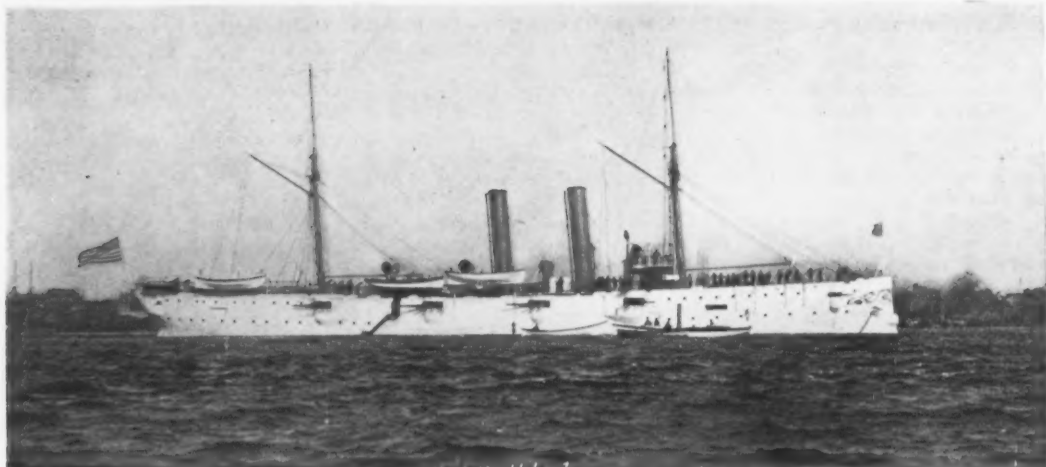
And so we might go on enumerating the various features of interest at Biltmore. There are the sunken gardens, costing a small fortune, the green-houses and conservatories, the deer-park of several thousand acres, the beautiful lake far up in the mountains. The nursery alone contains more kinds of shrubs and trees than the Kew Gardens near London. You might spend a week at Biltmore estate, and then come away without having seen all the sights worth seeing.

L. J. VANCE.

Silk to Silk and Flax to Flax.

THE weaver stays his shuttle's moan
To rend the alien thread
That ruins with its fatal tone
The beauty of the red.
Its coarse, discordant, ugly tracks
No gloss nor glaze can screen—
Silk to silk and flax to flax.
Clown may not mate with queen.

And lives are marred when two shall tread
With ill assorted feet
The ways through life's dense narrows led,
And steps jar as they meet.
Such heart-beseeching, soulless tracks
No outward gloss can screen—
Silk to silk and flax to flax.
Clown may not mate with queen.
MAE STJOHN-BRAMHALL.



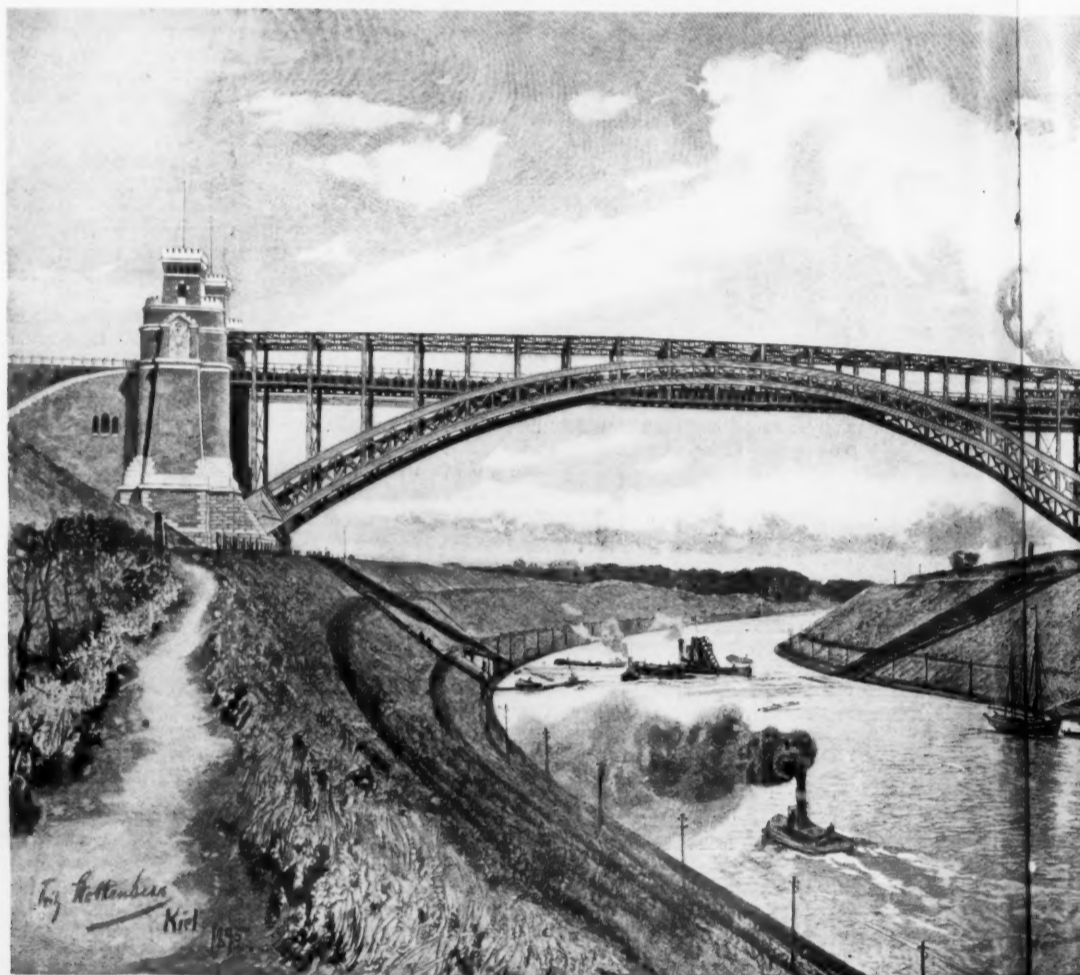
THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."



THE UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."



A SCHOOL-SHIP IN THE LOCK AT HOLTENAU.



THE ELEVATED BRIDGE AT LEVENSAN.



ON THE DECK OF A RUSSIAN CRUISER.



MAIL-CARRIERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.



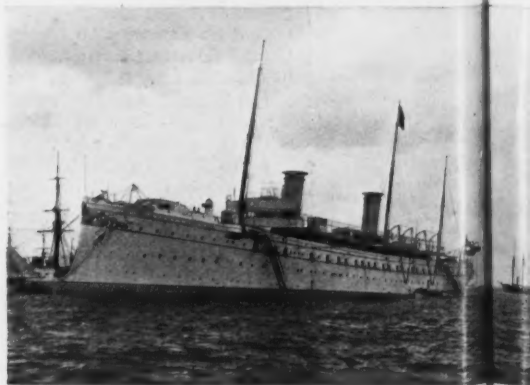
ON THE ELEVATED BRIDGE AT GRUNENTHAL.



SPANISH SAILORS.

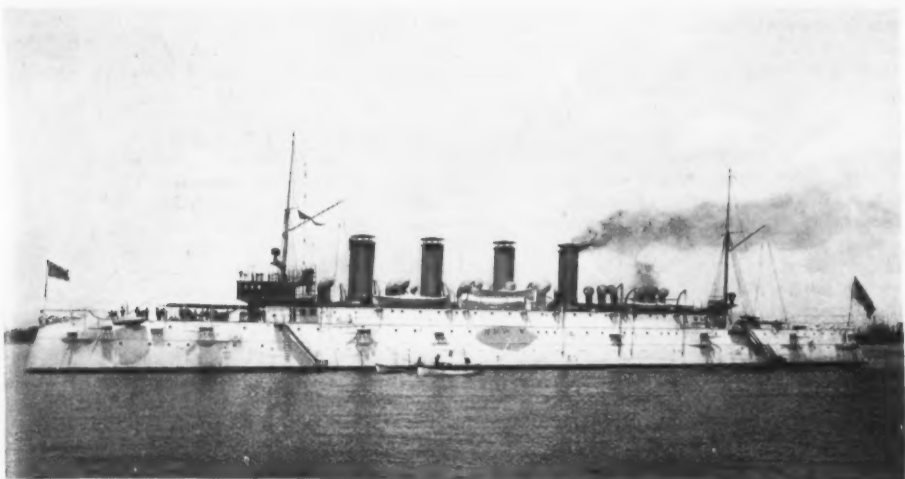


FRENCH SAILORS.

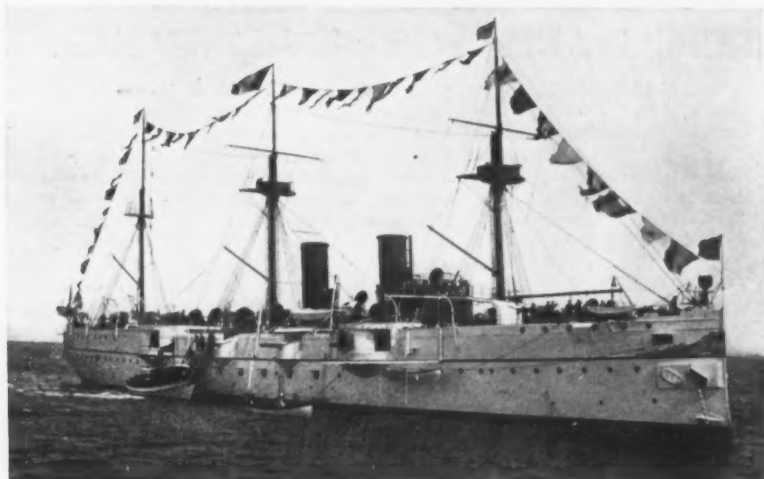


THE GERMAN IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLEARN."

THE BALTIC AND NORTH SEA CANAL, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ENGINEERING ENTERPRISES OF THIS CENTURY, TO BE OPENED



THE UNITED STATES TRIPLE-SCREW CRUISER "COLUMBIA."



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



BRAZILIAN SAILORS.



AMERICAN SAILORS.



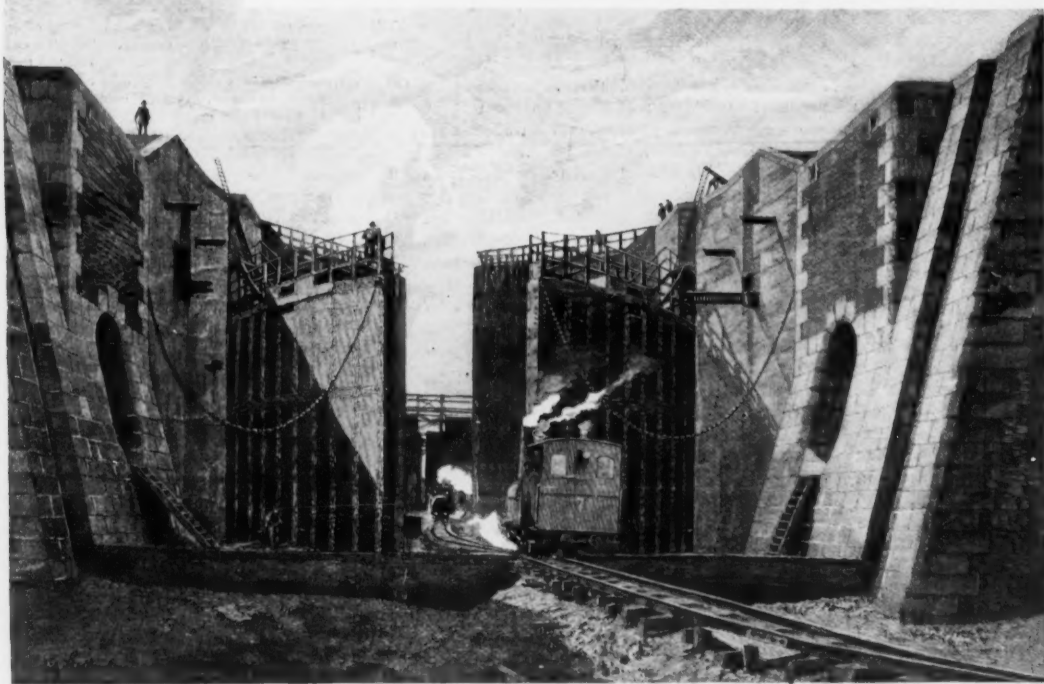
A GROUP OF SAILORS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



RUSSIAN SAILORS.



AT GRUNENTHAL.



INTERIOR OF A LOCK AT BRUNSBÜTTEL.



THE ELEVATED BRIDGE AT GRUNENTHAL.



AT GRUNENTHAL.

BE OPENED WITH IMPOSING FESTIVITIES, INCLUDING A GRAND NAVAL PAGEANT, ON JUNE 20TH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 396.]

THE BALTIC AND NORTH SEA CANAL.

ONE of the most important engineering enterprises of the present century will be opened to commerce on June 30th, when the North Sea and Baltic ship canal, which has been cut across the base of the Jutland peninsula in Schleswig-Holstein, will be formally given over to the shipping of all the world, with imposing ceremonies and festivities. The purpose of this canal is to save mariners from the awful perils of the voyage around Denmark, through the rocky channels which thread their way among the reefs lying between the Danish and Swedish coasts. This voyage for centuries has been a source of dread to navigators, and it is estimated that over two hundred vessels annually are stranded or wrecked, and hundreds of brave lives lost in these waters. For big ships the voyage is attended with grave forebodings of disaster, a fact which undoubtedly has retarded the commercial development of the Baltic ports. As no less than thirty-five thousand ships annually pass around the peninsula from one sea to the other, with a tonnage of over twenty million, and as the new water-way is wide enough and deep enough to float vessels of ten thousand tons register, the advantages of the canal will be easily realized. The saving in time and fuel will also be considerable, and the strategic value of the canal to the German fleet is by no means small.

In fact, it was the latter consideration which, in the years succeeding 1878, finally caused Bismarck to ignore the objections of near-by German cities, who saw in the canal a menace to their trade, and to overcome also the objections of Von Moltke, who at first contended that the canal would require a whole army corps to protect it, so that finally the project was accepted by the Reichstag in 1886, and in 1887 Emperor William I. laid the foundation-stone at Holtenau, the Baltic end of the canal, pronouncing the work to be one "of peace, honor, defense, and progress." The estimated total cost was \$39,400,000, of which Prussia contributed \$12,500,000, and the imperial treasury the rest. The German engineers, with remarkable exactness, have kept within the estimate.

The work was pushed with great energy, as many as eight thousand six hundred men at times being employed. The route lay across the level moorland, in almost a straight line, from Holtenau, on the Baltic coast, to Brunsbüttel, on the Elbe, a distance of sixty-four miles, and requiring the excavation of sixty-nine million cubic yards. The width of the canal at the surface is two hundred and thirteen feet, and on the bottom seventy-two feet. The depth on the average is twenty-nine and one-half feet. Part of the old Eider canal, finished in 1784, in the eastern end, was utilized, the old channel having been widened and straightened. At each terminus there is a heavy lock five hundred feet long and eighty-three feet wide, with a depth of thirty-two feet. The bed of the channel is lined with stone. As the Baltic is free from tides on all but about twenty-five days of the year, the lock at Holtenau will be open practically all the time. At the Elbe end, where the tides are heavy, the gates will be closed and opened at intervals daily. There are also several side-stations where shipping may stay while a fleet of big ships, the German navy for instance, in an emergency, may pass at speed, and along the canal arsenals and military stations have been built in anticipation of their sudden necessary occupation in some great naval or military manoeuvre. The proximity to the Baltic entrance of the port of Kiel, which has a magnificent harbor, and is the most important naval station of the Baltic Sea, is destined to be of distinct advantage to Germany in case of war, and is another proof that the strategic feature of the canal has been kept well in mind. The average time of transit through the canal for steamers will not be over twelve hours, whereas the journey around the peninsula, from the Baltic to Hamburg, for instance, occupies fifty-seven hours, the distance being about four hundred and twenty-five nautical miles. All vessels from the Straits of Dover, bound for the Baltic, will, it is estimated, save about two hundred and forty miles. The toll will be eighteen cents per net register ton, and it is calculated that at least half of the shipping between the two seas will go through the canal. Ships will be enabled to go through by night as well as day, and their course will be lighted by electricity from plants located along the canal. Thus the canal will be a constant money-maker, and the night service will render blockades impossible. Two suspension bridges for railroads have been built across the canal—one at Rendsburg and another at Grün, the former being one hundred and thirty-five feet above water-level, which is about the height of the Brooklyn Bridge at the middle of the span.

Not the least interesting feature of the opening of the canal will be the attendant festivities, including the rendezvous at Kiel of men-of-war from all the great navies of Europe, and

of those from the United States. It is estimated that over eighty ships-of-war will participate in this, the grandest naval pageant in which Uncle Sam has been represented. The international fleet will pass through the canal from the western end on June 30th. In the afternoon Emperor William will give a reception on board the royal yacht *Hohenzollern*, and in the evening the naval officers will attend a ball at the naval academy at Kiel. There will be a naval parade on June 23d, and in the evening a banquet will be given. It is probable that all the nations represented by ships will have speech-makers present, and the tone of these speeches, it is expected, will have great diplomatic significance. The Kaiser, not improbably, will utter one of his characteristic speeches, and Ambassador Bayard will respond for the United States. At night the fleet will be illuminated by electric lights, and will wear holiday attire during the day. The four vessels from this country, the *New York* and *Columbia*, which sailed recently from New York, and the *Marblehead* and *San Francisco*, of the European squadron, will be brilliant with thousands of incandescent lights. They will also set off many beautiful pyrotechnic pieces specially designed for aquatic display, including set pieces of the American and German arms, huge portraits of President Cleveland and Emperor William, and a motto in German, which translated will read: "Hearty greetings to Germany from the United States."

Besides the four American men-of-war, other foreign nations will send over forty-five vessels. England will have ten war-ships, under command of Vice-Admiral Fitzroy, with one hundred and seventy-one officers and 4,300 men; France three ships, with sixty officers and 1,300 men; Russia three ships, with seventy officers and 1,305 men; Italy nine ships, with one hundred and eighty officers and 3,300 men; Spain three ships, with fifty-six officers and 1,232 men; Denmark six ships, with thirty-two officers and 1,370 men; Turkey one cruiser, with fifteen officers and 300 men; Roumania two ships with twenty-three officers and 400 men; Scandinavia five ships, with fifty-five officers and 675 men; Austria four ships, with fifty-two officers and 1,212 men; and the Netherlands two ships, with twenty-five officers and 413 men. The rest of this grand fleet of over eighty commerce-destructors will be the pick of the German navy, and doubtless there will be the keenest interest in studying the models and manoeuvres of the great modern war-vessels of the two continents.

The Crews of Foreign Navies.

MUCH has been written during the past few months on naval warfare, on the construction of iron-clads, on death-dealing weapons, naval statistics and strategy, etc., etc. Of the stuff of which the crews are made, writers have had little to say. Yet it would seem that the quality of the men behind the guns must be an important factor in deciding the fortunes of a struggle at sea. The recent war in the East has demonstrated this beyond a shadow of doubt, since the defeated Chinese were superior in numbers, weight, armament, and general fighting capacity to those of the enemy. The lack of discipline and morale among the officers and crews alone were responsible for China's disasters.

It was my good fortune to be thrown in with both officers and crews of the various men-of-war during their stay in New York waters at the time of the Columbian celebration, and be thus given an opportunity to study their characteristics. A statement of the results of my observations, apropos of the coming naval demonstration at Kiel, may not be without interest. To begin with the English. Of what I have seen of the rank and file, it is my opinion that they will not belie the glorious record of their forefathers in the coming naval war, even though the conditions of such warfare have undergone so radical a change within the past thirty or forty years. The English blue-jacket is essentially a sailor, a man with his seagulls about him all the time. His step is quick and his movements jerky, even when in column formation ashore, marking a strong contrast to his Russian brother, who marches like a grenadier under all circumstances. The Englishman, though easily kept under restraint while on duty, is prone to indulge in mischief when beyond his officers' eye—a characteristic he shares, by the way, with our own boys in blue. The majority of brawls in Arctic seaports are provoked by John Bull's jack tar. The appearance of a Russian sailor is usually calculated to arouse the Briton's pugnacity, and when it comes to a fight the chances are about even between them. The Englishman is, perhaps, a trifle handier with his fists and at wielding his

belt, a favorite means of attack, but this is often counterbalanced by the Russian's superior physique and tenacity, although in the latter particular Johnny Bull is "no slouch either."

Ivan, on the other hand, is at the bottom a big, large-hearted, good-natured fellow, who would rather romp and dance the *trepak* (his national jig) than walk around with a chip on his shoulder, "spoiling" for some one to knock it off. Nevertheless he is fully alive to a sense of his dignity as a sailor of the White Tsar, and will brook no interference with his rights on the foreigner's part. Discipline, though severe, in the Russian navy is somewhat of the paternal kind. The officers treat their men more as children, and such is the spirit of subordination among the rank and file that cases of mutiny or rebellion are entirely unheard of. The fighting capacity of the Russian sailor has been fully tested in the past. The Crimean and Turkish wars have shown him to be capable of deeds of the most exalted heroism both on land and at sea. The defense of the trenches of Sevastopol by the naval battalions, and the destruction of Turkish iron-clads on the Danube by the Czar's torpedo flotilla, bear sufficient testimony to his fighting capacity.

The Frenchman has not been a success at sea in the past. Probably the changed conditions of war to-day will prove of advantage to him, and bring out qualities hitherto unsuspected. Certainly, appearances point to his being a formidable antagonist. He is undersized, it is true, but all the more nimble and agile for that. He can climb the halyards like a squirrel, and go through gun-practice with ease and precision. In individual combats on shore without weapons, he usually gives a good account of himself, having been trained to use his feet as well as his hands. His dexterity at *la savatte* has doubled up many an antagonist. His weak point, as with all Latins, is a tendency to lose his head at a crisis, and it is a question with many whether, when cooped up on a gun-deck, receiving the fire from a distant enemy, he will do even as well as in the old days, when the fighting was largely of a hand-to-hand nature. The French sailor is decidedly at his best on shore. His impetuous bravery has won him laurels in many an obstinate encounter, both in the open and behind breastworks. The fighting around Paris in 1870-71 gave him many opportunities to distinguish himself. At Le Bourget, to cite one instance, the marine battalion performed prodigies of valor, and held a superior force of Prussians at bay for many hours.

The German sailor has his laurels to earn as yet. Until the unification of Germany in 1870 there existed no German or even Prussian navy worth mentioning, barring a few wooden vessels and gun-boats constructed at Königsberg and Stettin. In 1864 these vessels saw some service against the Danes, notably at the battle off Heligoland and during the operations against Captain Hammer among the east Frisian islands, but little glory was achieved by either side on any of these occasions. With the founding of the empire an imperial navy was called into existence, which now ranks as the fifth among the European Powers, and in general efficiency can hold its own against any rival. The German sailor, judging by outward appearance, is as much of a soldier as the Russian. He astounded New-Yorkers by the extraordinary mechanism of his gait on parade day, raising his outstretched leg to a right angle with his body at every step, a heritage handed down to him from the time of Frederick the Great. His movements at the daily ship drill are slower than those of the Englishman or Frenchman, but he cannot be surpassed at gun-practice. Coolness and precision seem to be his foremost characteristics, and on shore he is comparatively sober and tractable.

The Italians boast the fourth largest navy in the world, and possess the largest battle-ships afloat. Whether this should be considered a source of strength or weakness, the future alone can show. From present indications the floating iron monster of the *Duilio* and *Lepanto* type is bound to be entirely superseded by the fast-sailing protected cruiser. The Italian sailor is perhaps least fitted of all for the conditions of naval warfare imposed upon him by his short-sighted government. Of an excitable temperament, he is as a rule unable to keep his wits in moments of great danger. The consequences, therefore, of his meeting the foe while pent up in his huge, unwieldy iron-clads must be appalling to the naval observer. History furnishes a glaring example of Italian naval incompetence in the campaign of 1866, when Admiral Persano's fleet of iron-clads was almost totally destroyed by the Austrian warden ships under Tegethoff. The King of Italy's unfortunate seamen, though brave as lions, were seized with an indescribable panic during the engagement, and lost three of their finest vessels. Nevertheless, these same men were of the race that under Andrea Doria once ruled the Adriatic and almost the entire Mediterranean. Possibly their time may come again.

Neither Austria nor Spain are reckoned as

naval Powers to-day, although their navies possess some excellent fighting material: Austria, notably, as above shown, being able to boast the greatest naval victory since the days of Trafalgar. Her weak point is the lack of homogeneity among her crews. The personnel of the Austrian war-ship *Frunsborg*, in this port two years ago, for instance, was composed in about equal parts of low Austrians, Slovaks, Hungarians, Bohemians, and Italians, some of whom hardly understood the official language, German. As regards the Dutch, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Portuguese, they scarcely count at all any more as factors in a naval war; a sad reflection on the mutability of things human, when one reflects that in the past each and all of these nations held for a while the uncontested supremacy of the briny deep.

V. GRIBATÉDOFF.

The Ohio Republicans.

THE Republicans of Ohio have entered upon the gubernatorial campaign with a vigor and unity of purpose which are prophetic of decisive victory. The State convention, recently held, was one of the largest ever convened in the State, and was in every respect thoroughly representative in character. Its proceedings



HON. ASA S. BUSHNELL.
Photograph by Calendar.

were marked from first to last by the greatest enthusiasm. The reception given to Senator Sherman was in the nature of an ovation, and his speech upon the finance question, in which he exposed the free-coinage fallacies, pleaded for a sound currency, and set forth the Republican position and the claims of the party to public confidence, elicited hearty and deserved applause. Ex-Governor Foraker, who seems to be the idol of the younger element of the party, was also honored by distinct marks of the popular appreciation. The platform adopted by the convention reaffirms the adherence of Ohio Republicans to the principles laid down in the last national campaign as to protection, reciprocity, fair elections, and finance. The declarations on the latter subject are as follows:

"The Republicans of Ohio declare for honest money, consisting of gold, silver, and paper, every dollar as good as any other dollar, and all backed by the national faith and honor.

"We favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement, if that can be obtained, or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal."

The nominee of the party for the position of Governor, Mr. Asa S. Bushnell, has been identified with the party from its formation. A native of the State of New York, he removed to Ohio in boyhood, and after spending some years in commercial pursuits, became identified with the manufacturing industries of Springfield, where he has achieved marked business success. During the war he served with distinction in the Shenandoah valley and elsewhere. In 1886 he was appointed quartermaster-general, and served for four years in that position. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee when Foraker was first elected Governor in 1885, and when John Sherman secured his fifth term as Senator. He is noted for his generosity and public spirit, and is one of the most popular men of the State because of his high integrity of character and conscientious service in all the positions he has held. He will make a vigorous canvass, and there is no doubt at all of his election by an old-time majority. Ohio has led the way before in the battle for honest finance and good government, and she will prove herself worthy in the present contest to lead the advance against the silver delusion which has entrenched itself in the minds of so many thoughtless people.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Unpleasant Foot-ball Squabbles.

It seems a real pity that the letter found in the Harvard quarters at Springfield after last year's foot-ball game with Yale should have been given publicity. The game of foot-ball has received too many black eyes of late for its well-being, and the antagonism of those who think the game brutal cannot fail to be immeasurably increased by the knowledge that a graduate of Harvard should see fit to write a player of the crimson to the effect that Butterworth must be killed at the start of the game, to lick Yale.

The graduate who penned such a letter is pretty generally known, even though the name subscribed had been torn off. The fact that the letter hailed from Chicago was a sufficient clew to the Chicago foot-ball graduate of Harvard most likely to offer such advice. But whatever this Harvard graduate wrote, the letter proves nothing against Harvard, though some might form an inference from the fact that Butterworth really did get hurt in the first few minutes, and was wholly unable after that to do even mediocre work.

But be that as it may, Butterworth has never alluded to the game disparaging Harvard men's play, and it was by the merest accident that the letter was given prominence. It was at the time the story leaked out, about three weeks ago, that Yale foot-ball men saw fit to send Harvard a letter, asking that she publicly take back certain alleged "sayings" which reflected on the ways of the boys in blue on the grid-iron. I have talked with any number of graduates of Yale, and the opinion with them was unanimous that a grave mistake had been made—even granted that there was cause for feeling badly over the hasty words, for instance, of Dr. Brooks, the Harvard coach.

There is not apparently one chance in a thousand that Harvard will see fit to do Yale's bidding, and as the latter make a game this year a conditional one in this respect, there seems little chance of a Harvard-Yale game perhaps for several years. This is to be regretted, for the Springfield game was without doubt the event of the year in foot-ball.

It seems a pity, too, in another way, for Harvard has the basis this year whereon to build a team superior to any team even, to represent the crimson. In fact, a team twenty-five per cent. better than last year's or the one which defeated Yale in the time of Cummoek and Rhodes.

On the other hand, at Yale the outlook for a fine team is by no means bright, still few will accuse Yale of fearing another contest. She, however, stands open to the accusation of foolhardiness.

IT MEANS LITTLE.

The resignation of Walter Camp from the position of chairman of the Yale Athletic Advisory Committee came as a shock to Yale adherents right and left. The act, however, counts for little. Mr. Camp will still advise, and remain as well Yale's right-hand man. Yale could not get along without Mr. Camp, neither could Mr. Camp get along without Yale.

AFTER THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

The Cornell crew were given a truly royal, and, to say the least, a flattering "send off" on the morning of the 29th ult. An enthusiastic and crazed thousand and more cheered and waved flags upon the pier; an hundred or so undergraduates and graduates of Cornell made the decks of the steamboat *W. C. Egerton*, lively as never before as she accompanied the *Paris* down the bay; the little brass cannon at the Crescent Athletic Club, foot of Eighty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, barked forth a salute of three guns, and to top all, the steam-yacht *Judge* made the welkin ring with her steam-whistle. The Cornell band of adventurers gathered in the stern, and in their midst stood Charles Courtney, coach, waving the red flag of Cornell from a ten-foot pole.

Mr. Courtney, unlike most coaches, spoke freely of his hopes and fears. "If time comparison goes for anything, and my boys are in shape, we shall give an accounting which will surprise even the slow-going Englishmen. Now, although the Leander Club crew in 1891 did the mile and five hundred and fifty yards in six minutes, fifty-one seconds, the crew to do the next best time, seven minutes, one second, was the Thames Rowing Club crew. While several winners of the grand challenge cup have done seven-three, seven-four, seven-twenty-two, others have finished first in the time of eight minutes and seconds from one to fifty.

"Now, time and again, on Lake Cayuga, I have timed the Cornell crew for the distance close on to seven minutes, and on a few special occasions the watch has shown under seven.

"Of course the water on the lake and at Henley differ as to conditions, the one offering dead, and the other live, water; still, the difference in time would not be greater than ten seconds, if that much.

"So you see when it comes to time, why the chances of our making an excellent showing seem to be good, assuming the while that the crews to meet ours will only be up to the average. So far as other things go, such as rowing on strange water and in a different climate, the aspect of the affair changes. Though not apprehending any evil influence on account of climate, there is, of course, such a thing as our men, even with over four weeks' rowing over the course, being handicapped.

"In other respects, such as rigging of boat and crew, the boat itself, the patent swivel oarlocks, and even the oars, will command the respect of the critics, who, if just, will grant us an advantage over our English cousins.

"Though I am satisfied, in a way, with the crew representing Cornell, I cannot conceal just a tinge of regret that the Henley rule as regards the ineligibility of men who have done work for pay, should have thrown out three of Cornell's very best oarsmen. Still, I have been fortunate in filling their places well. Right through the crew is nicely balanced, and averages an ideal weight—some one hundred and sixty pounds.

"F. D. Colson, coxswain, is heady and cool, and I cannot see how he can fail to hold up his end after a thorough study of the course. Of course, much depends upon the man at the lines, but Colson is all right and may be counted upon to steer a straight course and take advantage of opportunities as they arise."

In Charles C. Francis, Courtney will have a right-hand man of experience and common sense. Way back in the 'seventies Mr. Francis pulled oar for Cornell, and, barring Courtney himself, he could pull a single through the water faster than any amateur in the country. He will live with the crew right up to the day of the race, and by virtue of his overseeing eye and abundance of enthusiasm and hope, should do much to keep the spirits of the men up and see that they do not get to thinking too much.

Mr. Francis does not feel cocksure of winning, but his experience tells him in judging the crew that they will be a hard nut to crack, and he looks for victory.

"DEFENDER" WILL SHORTLY BE LAUNCHED.

It seems likely, at this writing, that *Defender* will be launched on or about June 15th. Her spars, rigging, and sails are ready even now, so that it will be a question of a very little while to put her in commission once she leaves the ways. As the time approaches when *Defender* will spread her wing and show the people the latest creation of the Herreshoffs, interest increases, and not a few parties will take the trip to Bristol to witness the launching.

It is stated that extra precautions will be taken to keep at a safe distance men armed with cameras, just as they were in England recently at the launching of *Valkyrie III.*, which, by the way, was successful, inspiring the few present with the fact that Watson's latest is the prettiest and cleanest boat yet to leave a shipyard in England. Should *Defender* be launched by the 15th it is probable that without effort she can be gotten ready to take part in the regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club scheduled for July 4th.

W. T. Bull.

The Confederate Monument at Chicago.

THE progress of commerce, beating down the rough paths of sectionalism, and bringing the most distant parts of the country together for their mutual advancement, has been one of the strongest influences in eradicating the feelings of bitterness engendered by the Civil War. Chicago, situated at the terminus of thousands of miles of railway system which cover the greater part of the South and the North with a network of rapid communication, has thus become the most cosmopolitan, or rather the most American, of American cities. It was owing to this circumstance, no less than to the fact that six thousand Confederate dead lay buried in Oakwood Cemetery, that led the United Confederate Veterans to erect a beautiful monument there to the memory of their comrades who died in the prisons and hospitals of Chicago. Three-fourths of the money for the monument was contributed by generous citizens of Chicago, and the rest was donated in small amounts from camps of Confederate veterans throughout the South. Congress appropriated four cannon, shot and shell, to be placed around the monument. These guns had an eventful history, having been captured from the Union forces in the battles of Murfreesboro

and Chickamauga, used in a dozen battles from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta, and were finally recaptured by the Union troops in the battle of Nashville. The dedication of the statue and the spiking of the guns was made the occasion of one of the most memorable ceremonies in which the veterans of the South have participated since the war. One flag waved over all, and the veterans in blue united with the men in gray to honor the bravery and the devotion of the dead.

Generals Longstreet, Underwood, Wade Hampton, who made a befitting dedicatory oration, Fitzhugh Lee, John B. Gordon, Kyd Douglas, Eppa Hunton, Colonels Desha Pickett, R. H. Stewart, and a score of other well-known leaders of the Confederate army, with prominent ladies from Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, Texas, and other States of the South, gave the lustre of their names and fame to the historic occasion, and the influence of their earnest words was a pledge of harmony and union in the future. A car-load of flowers was sent from North Carolina, and another from Georgia, and to these were added large contributions of Northern blossoms, to deck the graves of the Confederate dead.

The ceremony of the spiking of the guns, almost hidden as they were under magnolia blooms of the South and roses of the North, was most touching, and deeply symbolic of the occasion. While the band from Fort Sheridan played a funeral march, the First Regiment, Illinois National Guard, took position in a hollow square surrounding the monument. Then "spiking parties" of Southern veterans and ladies advanced to the guns, and at the command of General Underwood a bolt of steel was placed by an officer in the vent of each gun with the words: "This gun, having fired its last shot on the field of battle, will now be silenced forever." It was then driven home, and the lady selected for the honor declared the gun consecrated forever to the memory of the true men who gave their lives to the cause of their loved Southland. Ladies then advanced and decked the base of the monument with wreaths, and after a brief and impressive song service a firing detachment of the First Regiment fired three volleys over the graves, and with taps and bugle-call the ceremony of the dedication of the Confederate monument was ended.

Throughout the whole ceremony there was an entire absence of anything like sectional feeling. Henceforth at all soldier's cemeteries, North and South, the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers will be decorated alike, as those not of partisan heroes, but of American soldiers.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

The "Rock of Chickamauga"

THE monument which the George H. Thomas Post, Grand Army of the Republic, unveiled in Chicago on Memorial Day to the memory of the "Rock of Chickamauga" is a fitting memorial to the fame of that heroic soldier. It is a rough granite fragment from the quarries of Vermont, and, except for the inscription, bears no marks of the chisel. The George H. Thomas Post is the largest in the Grand Army, and this monument marks their plot in the Rosehill Cemetery. The oration at the dedication was delivered by General John C. Black.

The Late Secretary Gresham.

THE late Secretary Gresham, whose death at Washington on the morning of the 28th ultimo occasioned mingled surprise and regret, was carried to his burial with honors befitting his high station and his military services during the war of the Rebellion. After appropriate ceremonies at the White House, the remains were conveyed by special train to Chicago, accompanied by President Cleveland and members of the Cabinet, and arriving there, were transferred, with an imposing martial display, to Oakwood Cemetery, where they were deposited in a crypt in the chapel. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with people, and at the cemetery the multitude was so dense as almost to impede the progress of the solemn train. The services were

attended by many notable persons, including old army comrades of the deceased.

Germany's Dictator.

(Special Correspondence.)



HERR UHL.

about 11 A. M. when he emerges from the palatial "Bristol," but a few doors from the Emperor's palace, and walks down the Linden Boulevard with a buoyant step. Almost everybody of note recognizes him. Occasionally he lifts his hat, but more frequently tips the gold-headed cane and moves on briskly. This is Herr Uhl, beyond all odds the most famous caterer in Germany; superior even to Bignon or Bertrand. The unexpected is about to happen in iron-clad Prussia and a hotelier, the first in German history, is to be knighted and decorated. Herr Uhl's manly bosom may soon palpitate 'neath the iron cross and a diamond star, for the Emperor is in a pleasant mood since his reconciliation with the hermit of Friedrichsruhe. The knighthood may surprise even clear-headed Uhl, but as for decoration—'e gods! he has decorated entire salons, to say nothing of his own private decoration recently, when, with an eagle's sweep he grasped Fortuna by the forelock, and *enai, vidi, vici*,—in plain English, five days after having met a proud American heiress, Miss Bechtel, he proposed, in five days more was engaged, and two months later brought her to his palatial home, together with a dowry exceeding a million dollars.

Mr. Uhl is as indispensable to Berlin life as the Brandenburg Gate is to Prussia's fame. He has housed everybody, from the highest monarch in Europe down to the scrofulous banker and giddy dude. "*Griess Gott Uhl!*" is the cheery greeting of the Emperor William as they meet in the Thiergarten, and in spite of Uhl's military and punctilious bearing the Emperor forces him to unbutton and jog along the shaded drive. The Uhl family is patrician, and has continued in an unbroken male line since 1623. On finishing his voluntary service in the army he received an officer's commission in the Guards. His lively temperament, however, inclined to business, and after traveling about Europe and familiarizing himself with the principal nations and languages, he elected Berlin as the field of his future labors. He was the first to compel German aristocracy to dine in full dress, and the first, also, to surround his dining halls with flower-gardens, playing fountains, and Oriental music.

The Bristol has always proved a magnet that has attracted whomsoever rose, either permanently or for the moment, to fame or notoriety in Berlin city life. One may say without much exaggeration that the history of the politics, commerce, and finance of this continent has been written in the Bristol, and its walls have witnessed the loves, ambitions, disappointments, follies, and intrigues of Berlin society.

It is the mystic hour of "cordials" and "absinthe," and among the two hundred guests scattered about the picturesquely-dressed tables are many whose fame has spread throughout Europe. No man comes to the surface of metropolitan life in any capacity whatever without drifting through this house. Let us suppose it is six P. M. The house begins to fill up, and so do some of the guests. Carriages arrive, and handsome women, "with much below and little above," alight at the awning which extends from the front door to the curb-stone. All are escorted, some by gentlemen in conventional white cravat and swallow-tail, and others in bright and richly-embroidered uniforms, from Prince Günther downward, but all are accompanied, for at this hour and later no ladies, however well they may be known, are admitted to the dining-room without an escort.

This is one of the established rules of the house, and the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more rigidly enforced than those laid down by Herr Uhl. Down stairs, in a great kitchen which extends under the entire building, Monsieur Vallée literally rules the roost. He is a fine-looking, gray-mustached Frenchman, who looks upon his profession as a learned calling, and has high ideas as to what people should eat and drink. He is responsible for the quality of the supplies purchased, as well as for the dishes served up-stairs. He earns a princely salary for a cook, and is a person of no small importance in the estimation of metropolitan *bibeurs* and epicures.

There are eighteen cooks standing in front of the long range where the broiling and stewing is done. The game is still roasted on a spit before an open fire, instead of being baked in a modern oven. There is one man who does nothing but mix sauces, and another who makes salads. If a large dinner is ordered in advance, as, for instance, by Herr Krupp, the great gun-maker, who often spends two thousand dollars on a single feast, the *chef* has a list of the dishes and the number of guests, and the successive courses are cooked and sent up-stairs just fifteen minutes apart. Until midnight the kitchen is a scene of sizzling, hustle, and activity, for there are dinners going on all the evening, and there is an extra rush at eleven, when the theatre parties come in. When it closes, frequently after midnight, the proprietor may be seen marching off to one of the great *Bierstuben* for a glass of *Pilsener* or a mug of *Pschorr*.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Good News for Asthmatics.

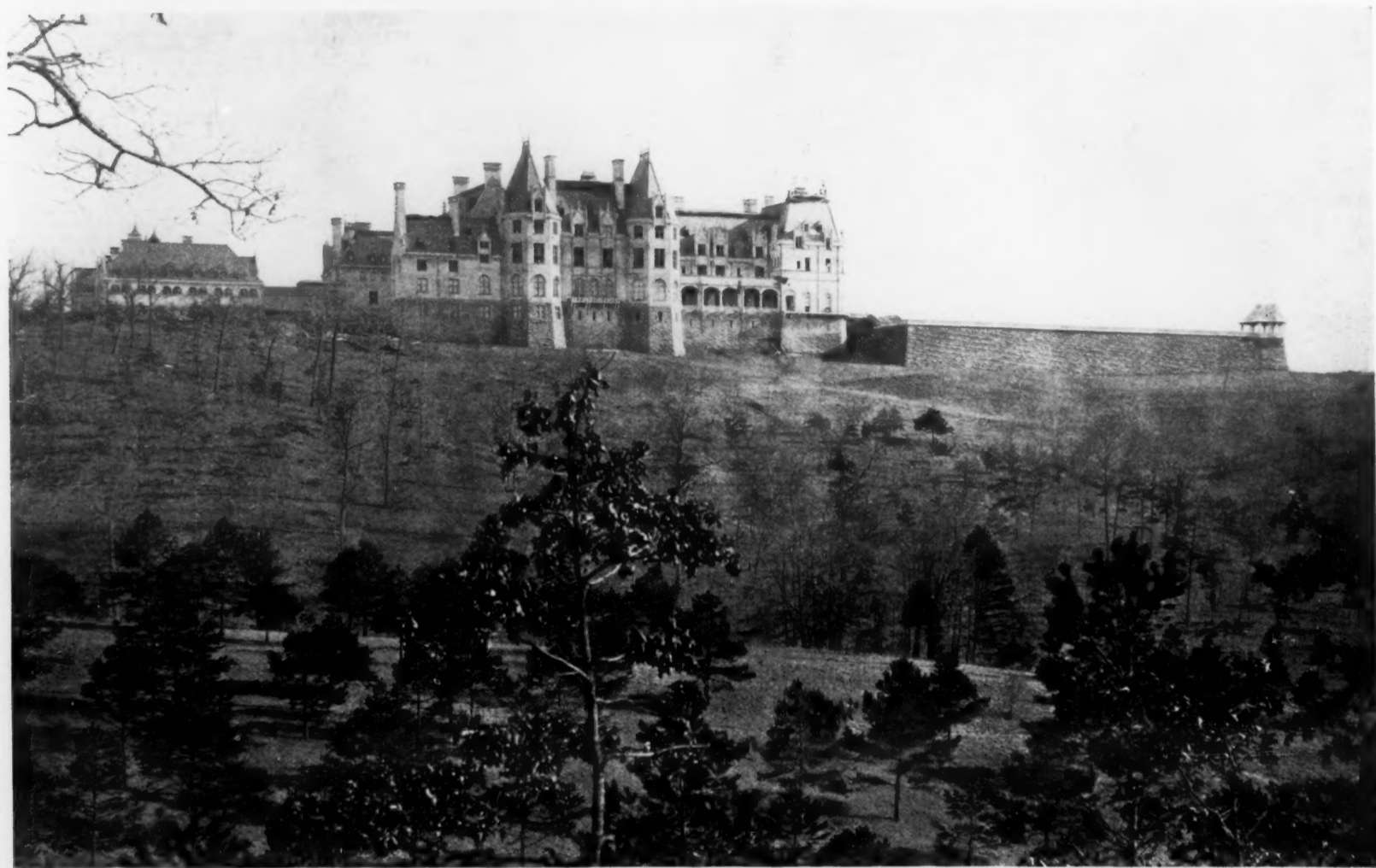
WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



THE HOUSE THAT MR. VANDERBILT CANNOT BUY.

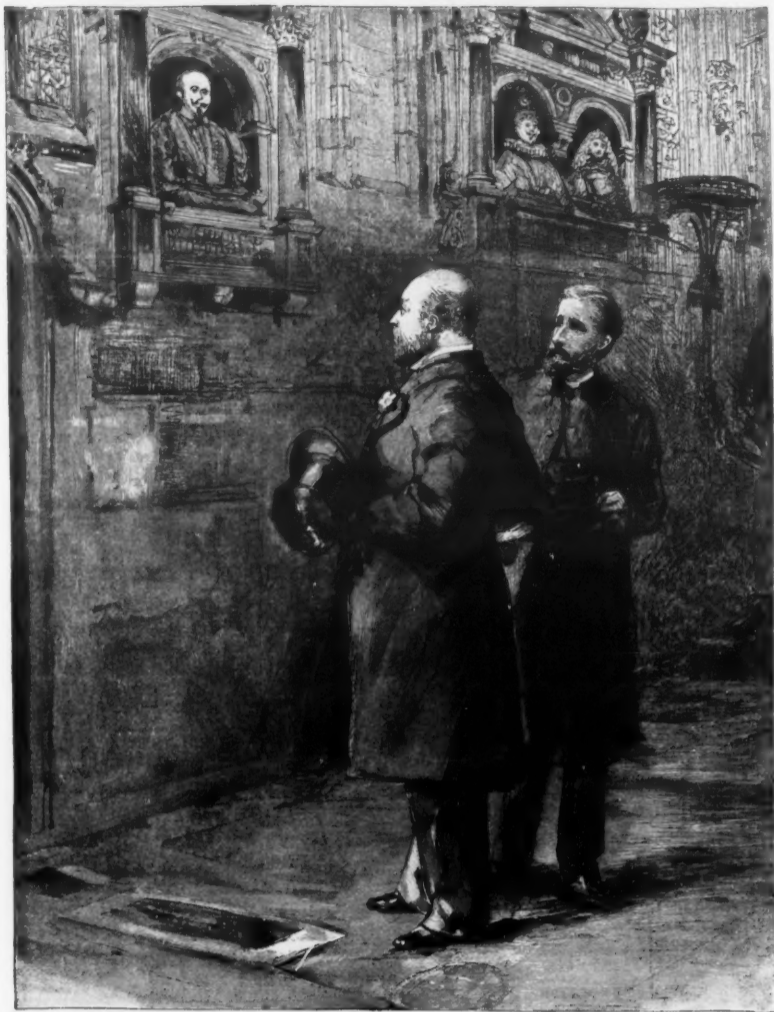
THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER FROM RICHMOND HILL.—*Photograph by T. H. Lindsey.*

THE BILTMORE MANSION.

HIGHLANDS, WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN, LOOKING EAST.—*Photograph by Brown.*CÆSAR'S HEAD.—*Photograph by T. H. Lindsey.*

"There is nothing in this country that can compare with Biltmore, the country house and grounds of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. The only places that can at all compare with this magnificent estate are the country-seats in England and on the continent of Europe."

THE BILTMORE ESTATE OF MR. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT, NEAR ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 393.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
London Graphic.



NASRULLAH KHAN, SECOND SON OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND, HAVING A TOOTH EXTRACTED.—*London Graphic.*



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR—THE SURRENDER OF SALIMO AND QUEEN ANGALA.
Paris Illustration.



NASRULLAH KHAN, SECOND SON OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.—*Black and White.*



NATIVE WARFARE IN CHITRAL—AN INCIDENT IN THE ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH RELIEF EXPEDITION.—*London Daily Graphic.*



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION—FORDING THE SWAT RIVER, LOOKING NORTH.—*Illustrated London News.*

NEW DISCOVERY FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

We can give sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism good advice, and that is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be sent to you free and postpaid, if you send your name and address.

EVERY CAUSE BUT THE RIGHT ONE.

Your headache: You lay it to every cause but the true one—indigestion. So few people know what indigestion really is. Hardly know they have it. The cure is Ripans Tabules. A single one gives relief. Ask your druggist.

Get a bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your soda and lemonade. Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.



TEUTONIC

A Concentrated Liquid Extract of Malt and Hops.

It contains a greater amount of nutritious matter than any other Liquid Malt Extract in the market. For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia and dyspepsia—superior to any other Malt Extract on account of its purity, and unexcelled as a pleasant appetizer, invigorant, and a valuable substitute for solid food.

At all Druggists.

TEUTONIC is a delightful Table Beverage

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36 Forrest Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Deer Park and Oakland,
On the Crest of the Alleghenies.
(MAIN LINE B. & O. R. R.)

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Rates \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location. Furnished cottages, with facilities for house-keeping, if desired, \$450 to \$600 per season. Address

GEORGE D. DE SHIELDS, Manager,
Cumberland, Md.

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Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

The Illustrated Catalogue New York Central Books and Etchings sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent.



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Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NATHAN & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

"Can the Ethiopian CHANGE HIS SKIN?"

almost, if he will but use

(CONSTANTINE'S) PINE TAR SOAP

Persian Healing.

Constantine's

WORKS
WONDERS
ON THE SKIN.

A FAIR TRIAL WILL
PROVE IT.

It is appropriate to add, this remarkable soap is composed of Pine Tar and other Medicinal Properties, the result of vegetable discoveries made by the natives of Africa. A toilet soap and healing agent in one.

DRUGGISTS.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

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Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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Tastes good as it goes down, does good when it gets down.

HIRES' Rootbeer

makes the children rosy-cheeked, keeps the parents healthful, helps the old folks carry their years lightly. A 25c. package makes the whole family happy.

CHAS. E. HIRES CO., PHILADELPHIA.

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INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS.

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was accepted as the finest machine shown at the National Cycle Exhibition by a mechanical expert in the employ of the Chicago Times; was accepted as the highest grade shown by seventy-five out of every one hundred cycle dealers who visited the show, and who substantiated their testimony by placing good orders for wheels; was accepted by the U. S. Government for the military post at St. Paul, and the mail carriers of many other cities, at list price, while all other makes were offered at cut prices. We have just published a new catalogue of testimonials, giving the opinions of prominent riders. Free by mail.

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Insure the skirt edges against wear.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad" and 15c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-4 lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any kind you may select. Good Income, Big Premiums, etc. Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices.

Send for terms. (Mention "Leslie's Weekly.")

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PABST MALT EXTRACT

THE "BEST" TONIC

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THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

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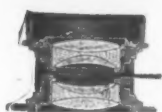
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G. GENNERT, Manufacturer,

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Is what it is named.
It noted long-distance riders always use the "Search Light" Lantern, shouldn't you?—On the ground of greater proficiency they might take the risk of an inferior illuminator, but you cannot, unless you think your life isn't worth the difference; this will light 40 feet ahead of you.

Special Advantages—Central draft; burns un-mixed kerosene; flame adjustable; filled outside. **Insist on the BEST**—The "Searchlight." Delivered for price if your dealer won't supply you. **BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.,** Bridgeport, Ct. Or, 19 Murray St., New York City.

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A Quick Line,

A Through Line,

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to All Points in
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ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS.

FIVE FAST TRAINS TO THE WEST.

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Nature will restore your health if you eat proper **FOODS**. "THE FOOD" gives new system for self-treatment. Just cut out by mail, 5c. send stamp for circular. **C. F. BART, Box 681, Philadelphia.**

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

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Established 1830.

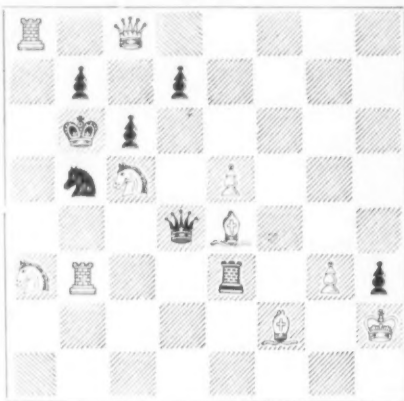
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 18. BY HERR BAUER.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above gem, by a distinguished Vienna master, is entitled to a position among our collection of remarkable problems, not on account of originality or beauty of idea, but solely for its difficulty. It belongs to a class of problems wherein the key move is of such an unexpected character as to necessitate a comprehension of the situation which cannot be arrived at experimentally.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 15. BY LOYD.

White.
1 Kt to K 2!
2 Q to K 7 mate.

Black.
1 K or B moves.

A score of solvers failed to appreciate our warning, and fell into the trap by giving R takes Kt as the key, which is defeated by P takes R and claims a knight! It was correctly mastered, however, by Messrs. T. Cox, Porter Stafford, S. C. Smyth, G. M. Ross, T. B. Miller, W. L. Fogg, Dr. Baldwin, R. Rogers, S. R. Lessing, T. Stout, W. E. Harward, "Ivanhoe," P. Hubbard, G. Walsh, and W. Truen.

Postage-stamps

vs. Whisky.

MR. WALTER DUFFY, proprietor of Duffy's Malt Whisky, Rochester, New York, at a banquet the other evening, told a very curious story about his malt whisky. A little more than a year ago a clergyman who had read one of Duffy's advertisements (which are known to the world in general, and are written by one of the best experts in that line) wrote the Duffy Manufacturing Company for a bottle of their malt whisky, stating that he wanted the same for medicinal purposes, as he was suffering from nervous prostration brought on through overwork in his calling.

Two bottles cured him, and he wrote a very excellent testimonial to the proprietor of Duffy's Malt Whisky. This pleased Mr. Duffy so greatly that he addressed the clergyman, asking if the company could not send him a case of malt whisky as a recognition of the very handsome testimonial he had given. To his great surprise he received a reply, thanking him for his kind and generous offer, but respectfully declining the present, the writer stating that he did not care to have a case in his house (being a temperance man) unless in case of sickness of a member of his family, when the same would be used for medicinal purposes; and that he would then write for it, trusting to receive it in good time. However, he further stated that he would be glad to receive from Mr. Duffy, if he had an extra supply of postage-stamps, a couple of dollars' worth, which would more than compensate him for the testimonial he had forwarded some weeks previous.

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BRAATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

The "half-way house" between New York and the White Mountains. Excellent table, clean, comfortable beds, cool nights, no mosquitoes. Malaria and hay fever unknown. Write for illustrated booklet. **EDWARD A. TYLER, Prop.**

Advertise in
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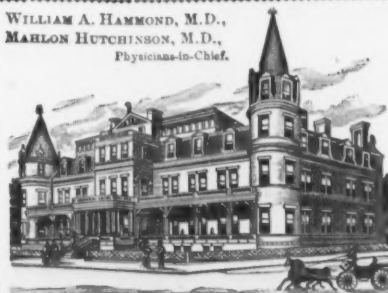
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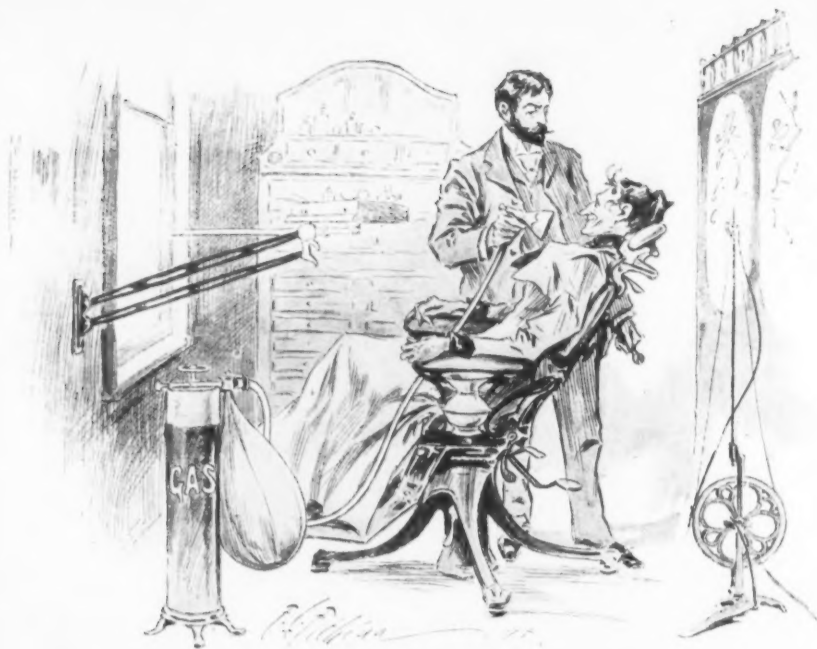
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